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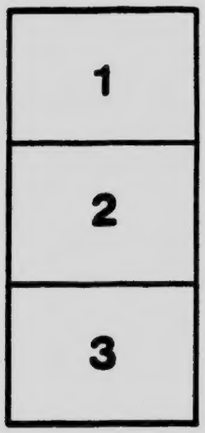

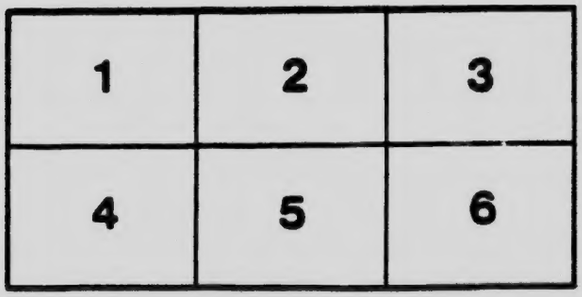

3in

THE
NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY

CHARLES E. WHITING

Fifth Reader

F CLEF EDITION—FOR BOYS' AND MIXED CLASSES

Authorized for use in the Schools of New Br

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The better to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable dō, and as the success of movable dō depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study,— by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

Its Application The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The New Public School Music Course is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its Readers The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Baby Close Thine Eyes	*W. F. Sudds*	88
Bells are Daily Tinkling Gaily	*Arthur Whiting*	45
Blue Bells of Scotland, The	*Scotch Folk Song*	65
Bright May Morning's Come Again, The	*Hohmann*	46
Cold the Blast May Blow	*German Folk Song*	76
Come, O My Soul	*Friedrich Ernst Fesca*	15
Come Silent Evening	*L. de Call*	50
Come with Thy Lute	*German Folk Song*	79
Fair Hope is Standing Ever	*Franz Schubert*	60
Farewell	*Friedrich Silcher*	27
Float on My Bark	*German Folk Song*	59
Flowers, Wild Wood Flowers	*Lowell Mason*	57
Gather Your Rosebuds	*English Folk Song*	33
Gentle Spring is Here Again	*Charles Auseld*	75
Glorious is Jehovah	*De Monti*	28
Golden Sun, The	*John Hullah*	24
Good Night	*T. Crampton*	11
Gorse is Yellow, The	*John Hullah*	23
Hark! The Deep Toned Bell	*English Folk Song*	54
Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls, The	*Irish Folk Song*	9
Hope Takes the Soul	*Franz Abt*	90
Hot-Cross Buns	*English*	14
Hours of Evening	*Sicilian Folk Song*	76
How Bright the Glorious Morning	*Charles E. Whiting*	34
How Lovely are the Woods	*Franz Abt*	37
I Come from Haunts of Coot and Hern	*John Farmer*	19
If I were a Sunbeam	*German Folk Song*	82
I Know a Sweet Valley	*German Folk Song*	25
In May-Day	*German Folk Song*	10
In Solemn Calm	*Charles E. Whiting*	47
In the Forest Green	*Tyrolean Folk Song*	85
In the Tall Elm Tree	*German Folk Song*	26
January Brings the Snow	*Charles E. Whiting*	35
Joy is Warbling	*Franz Otto*	67
Lord is My Shepherd, The	*Portuguese Melody*	98
Maker of Earth	*Charles E. Whiting*	49
'Mid Pleasures and Palaces	*H. R. Bishop*	41

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Now the Twilight Hour Approaches	*English Folk Song*	68
O'er the Ice	*Charles E. Whiting*	80
Oh Come, Come Away	*German Folk Song*	72
Oh Come Let us Worship	*Charles E. Whiting*	30
Oh See the Lovely Golden Sun	*Albert Gottlieb Methfessel*	59
Oh the Joy of Spring	*Styrian Folk Song*	83
O Ladybird Ladybird	*English Folk Song*	17
Once a Boy a Rose Did Spy	*Moritz Hauptmann*	43
On Foot I Gaily Take My Way	*Franz Abt*	78
Pretty Village Maiden	*Charles François Gounod*	39
Rejoice, Rejoice!	*Charles E. Whiting*	70
Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot	*Scotch Folk Song*	66
Sing, Sing for the Oak Tree	*John Hullah*	52
Sing Praise to God	*German Folk Song*	7
Solfeggi		51, 62, 83, 86, 89, 91, 93, 97
Sweet Spring is Returning	*German Folk Song*	42
There's Joy in the Cottage	*English Folk Song*	21
There Shines on High	*English Folk Song*	8
Thro' Lanes with Hedgerows Pearly	*German Folk Song*	55
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	*Irish Folk Song*	73
Trip it Lightly	*English Folk Song*	87
When Evening Drops her Silent Veil	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*	12
When Night on Dusky Pinion	*Moritz Hauptmann*	62
When the Joys of the Summer	*German Folk Song*	92
When Winds Blow Pure	*John Hullah*	53
While I am Wandering	*Swabian Folk Song*	93
Work and be Joyful	*Charles E. Whiting*	63
Ye Birds How Happy	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*	95

ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

A Canadian Boat Song	*Thomas Moore*	101
Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean	*Henry Russell*	107
God Ever Glorious	*Russian National Hymn*	99
God Save the King		99
Maple Leaf For Ever, The	*Alexander Muir*	106
Marseillaise, The	*Rouget de l'Isle*	103
O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old	*C. Leavallee*	111
O Worship the King		100
Rule, Britannia	*Dr. Arne*	102

PART SONGS

SING PRAISE TO GOD

Allegretto

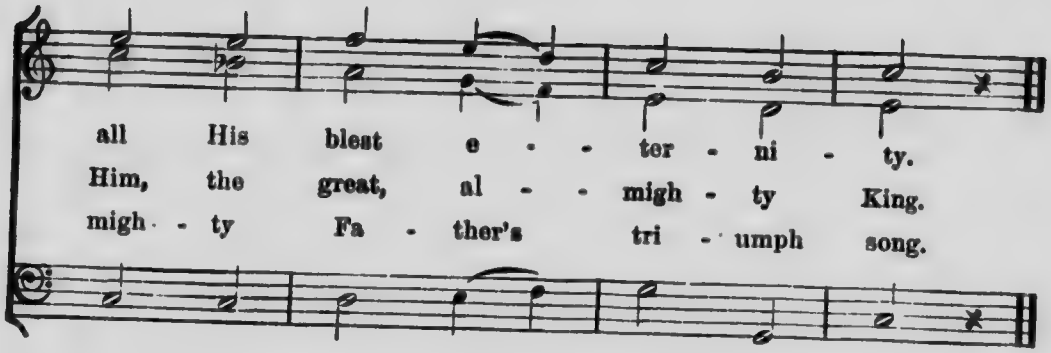
GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Sing praise to God, The Mak - er and the Giv - er, From
2. Be - hold yon sun, So bright be - yond ex press - ing; 'Twas
3. Thou heavenly home Which bless - ed souls in - her - it, Where

East to West His praise shall ring for - ev - er; His
God Who gave That great and glo - rious bless - ing; All
end - less joy De - lights each hap - py spir - it, Loud

good - ness will'd us to breathe and be, Through all e -
things that are from His wis - dom spring, The great, al -
let it roll through the world a - long, The sphere's tri-

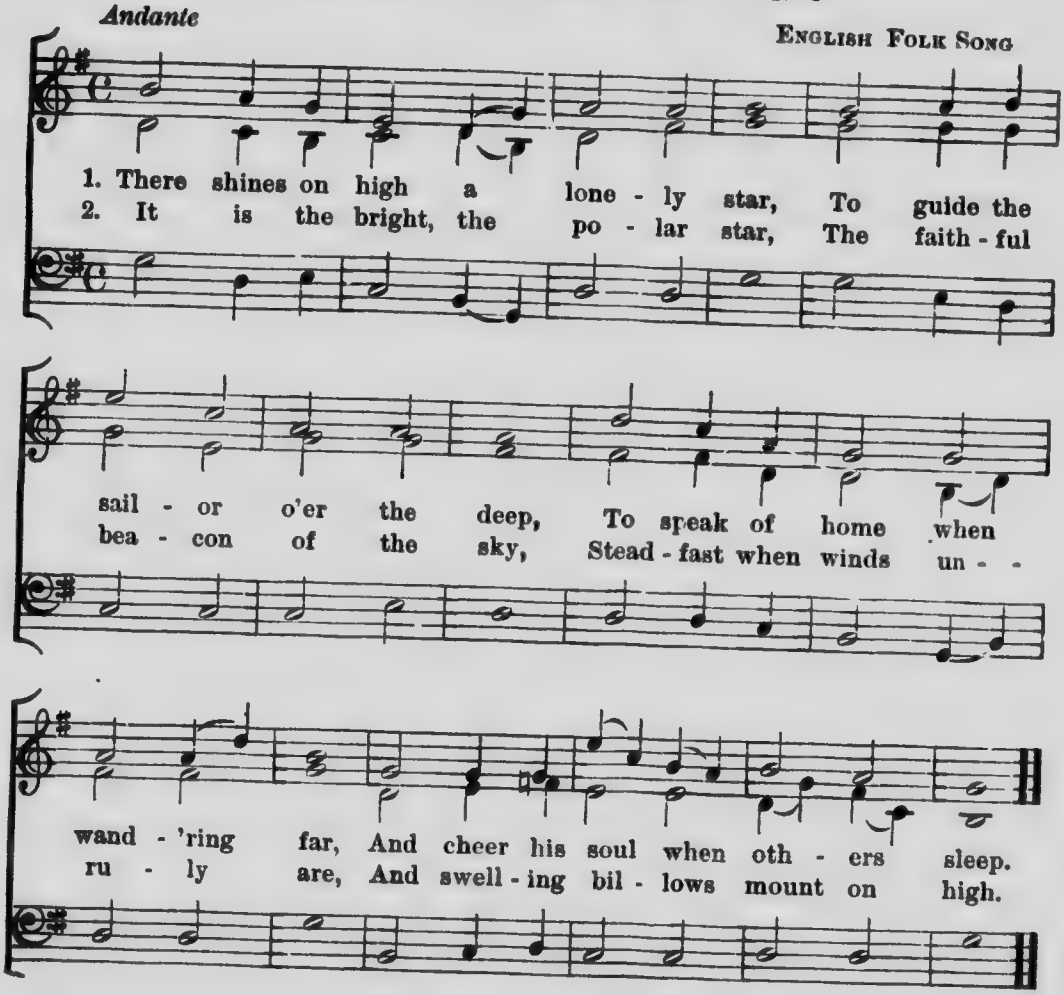
ter - ni - ty, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro'
migh - ty King, The great, al - might - y King, From
ump-hant song, The sphere's tri - ump - hant song, The



THERE SHINES ON HIGH

Andante

ENGLISH FOLK SONG



THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

Moderato

IRISH FOLK SONG

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul had fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart, in - dig-nant, breaks To show that still she lives.

IN MAY-DAY

German Folk Song

1. In May - day, in May - day, The flow - 'rets sweet - ly bloom; I found a flow'r of snow - y white, That shed a pure and love - ly light, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
2. In May - day, in May - day, The birds all chant in glee; On many a branch their songs they pour, They sing till all the light is o'er, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
3. In May - day, in May - day, A bird once sang to me. The song I nev - er shall for - get, Its notes I oft with smiles re - peat, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
4. In May - day, in May - day, How glad I heard that song; Its notes they told of peace and love, Like those from golden harps a - bove, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.

GOOD NIGHT

T. Crampton

Allegretto

1. O may we ne'er for - get the hours, Wher - ev - er we may
2. We'll ne'er for - get our hap - py school, Wher - ev - er we may
3. 'Tis hard, perchance, to say farewell, And leave this happy

be, Which we have spent a - mid our friends In gladness and in
roam. Though duties far in dis-tant land Shall take us from our
scene, But com - ing la - bors will be cheer'd As true friends we have

glee. The mem'ry of these happy days Shall shine with constant light;
home, O'er ma - ny hours of care and grief Shall mem'ry shed its light;
been, And if we part for ma -ny years With hearts both true and light,

Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.
Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.
We part, but hope to meet a - gain, good night, good night.

WHEN EVENING DROPS HER SILENT VEIL

p Allegretto

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

1. When even - ing drops her si - lent veil, And all is hush'd and

2d Alto or Tenor.

2. Three times the har - vest moon shall rise, As we our la - bor

calm, And round the groves of Ber - ken - dale, The air is soft as

leave, Three times twi - light with moon-light vies At this same hour of

pp *m*

balm, The air is soft as balm; When o'er the dis - tant

pp *m*

eve, At this same hour of eve. The yel - low fields are

pp *m*

hill is shed A flood of gold - en light, And clear as noon the

full and ripe, To bless the reap-er's band, The pre-cious grain shall

har - vest moon Is ris - ing full and bright, Oh! then come out with

once a - gain Be stor'd throughout the land. Oh! then come out! with

f

song and shout, And join the mer - ry tune. Come, maids and men, And

f

song and shout Shall ech - o thro' the vale The har - vest home. The

f

time,
hail,

blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time. Come,

har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail, The

ff

maids and men, And blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time.

ff

har - vest home, the har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail.

ff

HOT-CROSS BUNS

English Melody

1. Hot-cross buns, One a penny buns; One a penny, two a penny, Hot-cross buns.

2. Fresh sweet buns, Come and buy my buns, One a penny, two a penny, Fresh sweet buns.

COME O MY SOUL

Moderato — Friedrich Ernst Fesca

mf

1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -
2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with

mf

mf 2d Alto or Tenor

1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -
2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with

mf

a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What
wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -

a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What
wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -

Sop.

1st Alto.

mor - tal verse can reach the theme? Enthron'd a - mid the ra - diant spheres,

2d Alt. or Ten.

clare the glo - ry of His name. Rais'd on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing,

He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears. To form a robe of

Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em -

light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round him shine.

ploy thy tongue, Till list' - ning worlds shall join the song.

O LADYBIRD LADYBIRD

Allegretto

English Folk Song

1. O la - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, why dost thou roam So far from thy child - ren, so distant from home? Why dost thou, who canst re - ve. all day in the air, Who the sweets of the grove and the gar - den canst share, In the fold of a leaf who canst form thee a

2. Too soon will you find that your trust is mis - plac'd, When by some cru - el child you are wan-ton - ly chas'd, And your bright scar-let coat all be - spot - ted with black May be torn by his bar - bar-ous hands from your back. Ah! then you'll re - gret you were tempt-ed to

cres.

cres.

rall.

bow'r, And a pal - ace en - joy in the tube of a flow'r, Ah!
rove From the tall climb - ing hop, or the ha-zel's green grove, And will

rall.

a tempo

why, sim - ple la - dy bird, why dost thou ven-ture The dwell-ings of
fond - ly re - mem - ber each ar - bor and tree, Where late - ly you

a tempo

cres.

man so fa - mi - liar to en - ter? Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,
wandered con - tent - ed and free. Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,

cres.

rall.

fly a - long home, No more from your nest and your children to roam.

rall.

I COME FROM HAUNTS OF COOT AND HERN

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOHN FARMER

pp

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sud-den sal - ly, And
2. I chat - ter o - ver sto - ny ways, In lit-tle sharps and tre-bles, I

pp SECOND ALTO OR TENOR.

3. I wind a-bout, and in and out, With here a blos-som sail-ing, And

pp

spark - le out a - mong the fern, To bick - er down a val - ley. By
bub - ble in - to eddying bays, I bab - ble on the peb - bles. With

here and there a lus - ty trout, And here and there a gray - ling, And

thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or slip between the rid - ges, By
ma-ny a curve my banks I fret By ma-ny a field and fal - low, And

here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me, as I trav - el With

rit. *a tempo*

f

twen - ty thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred bridg - es. Till
ma - ny a fai - ry fore - land set With wil - low-weed and mal - low. I

f

ma - ny a sil - v'ry wa - ter break A - bove the gold - en gra - vel, And

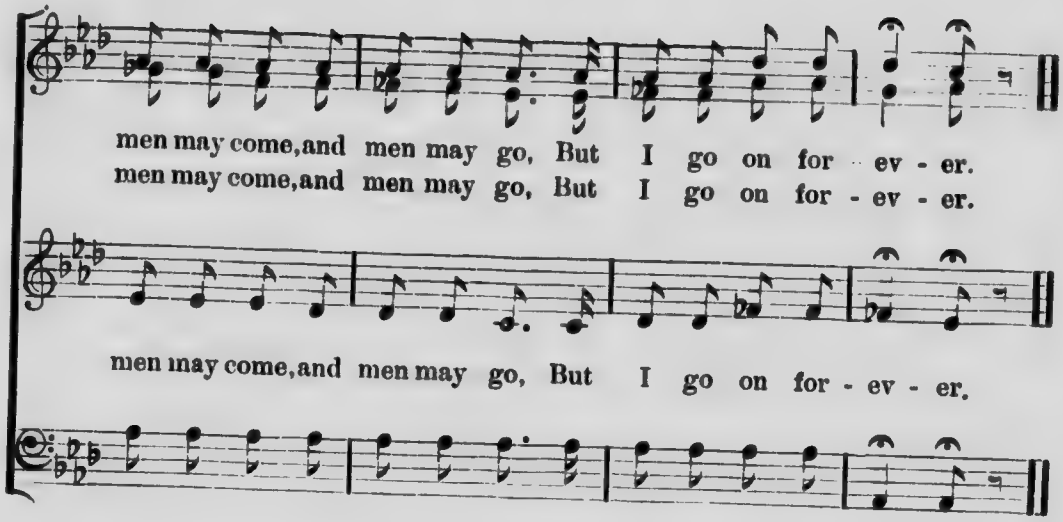
f

last by Phil - ip's farm I flow To join the brim-ming riv - er, For
chat - ter, chat - ter, as I flow To join the brim-ming riv - er, For

draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim-ming riv - er, For

men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For

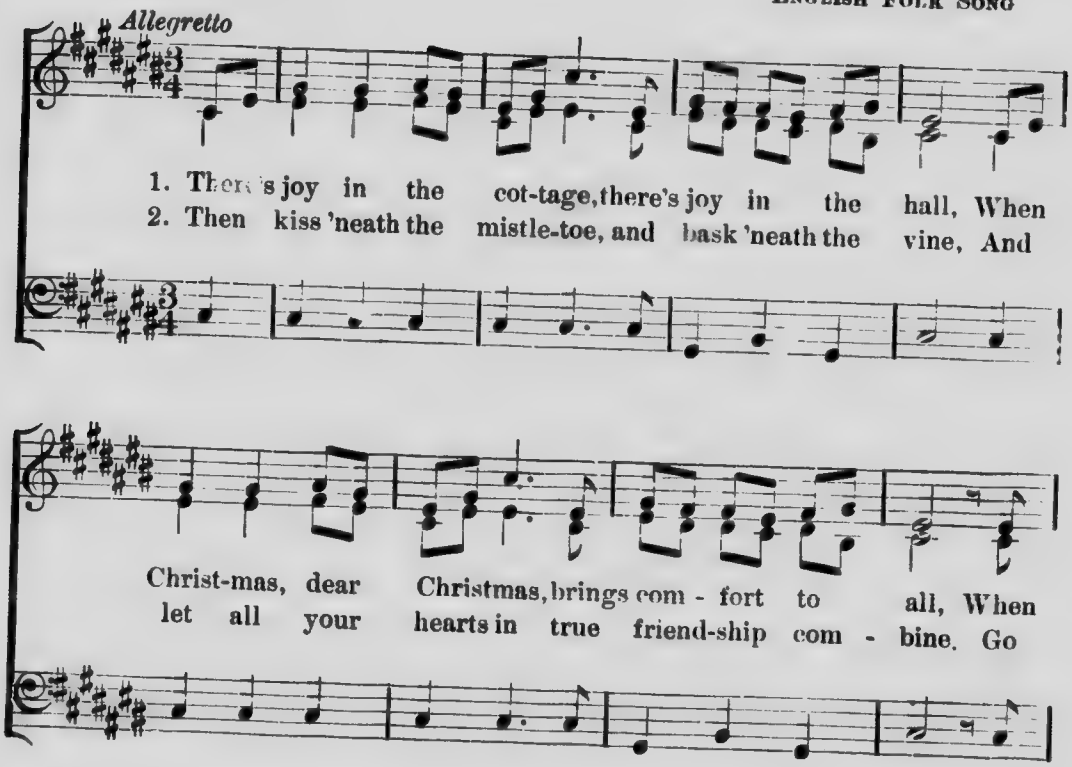
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For

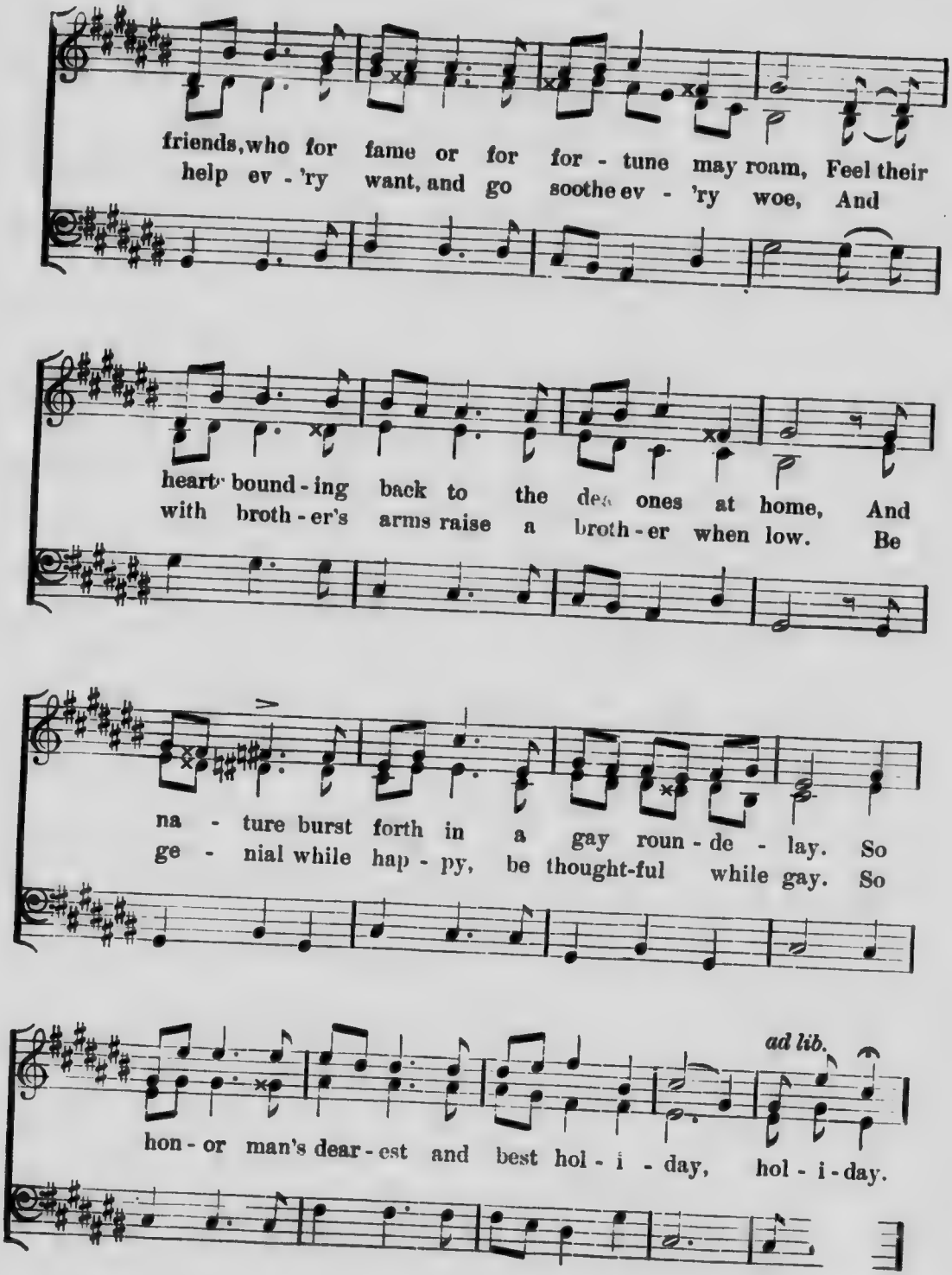


THERE'S JOY IN THE COTTAGE

JAMES BALLANTINE

ENGLISH FOLK SONG




friends, who for fame or for for - tune may roam, Feel their
help ev - 'ry want, and go soothe ev - 'ry woe, And
heart bound - ing back to the dear ones at home, And
with broth - er's arms raise a broth - er when low. Be
na - ture burst forth in a gay roun - de - lay. So
ge - nial while hap - py, be thought-ful while gay. So
ad lib.
hon - or man's dear - est and best hol - i - day, hol - i - day.

p Allegro

Ju - val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, We'll sing a mer-ry, mer-ry strain, Ju -

f

val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, For old King Christmas comes a-gain.

THE GORSE IS YELLOW

Allegro moderato

JOHN HULLAH

f

1. The gorse is yel - low on the heath, The banks with speed-well
2. The wel - come guest of set - tled spring, The swal - low, too, is
3. Come, sum - mer vi - sit - ant, at - tach To roof of mine your

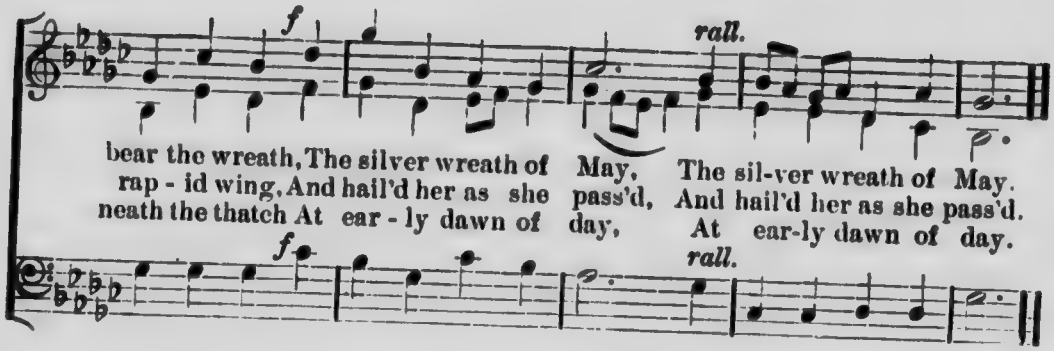
f

flow'rs are gay, The oaks are budding, and, beneath, The hawthorn soon will
come at last; At set of sun, when thrushes sing, I saw her dash with
nest of clay, And let my ear your mu - sic catch, Low twitt'ring un-der-

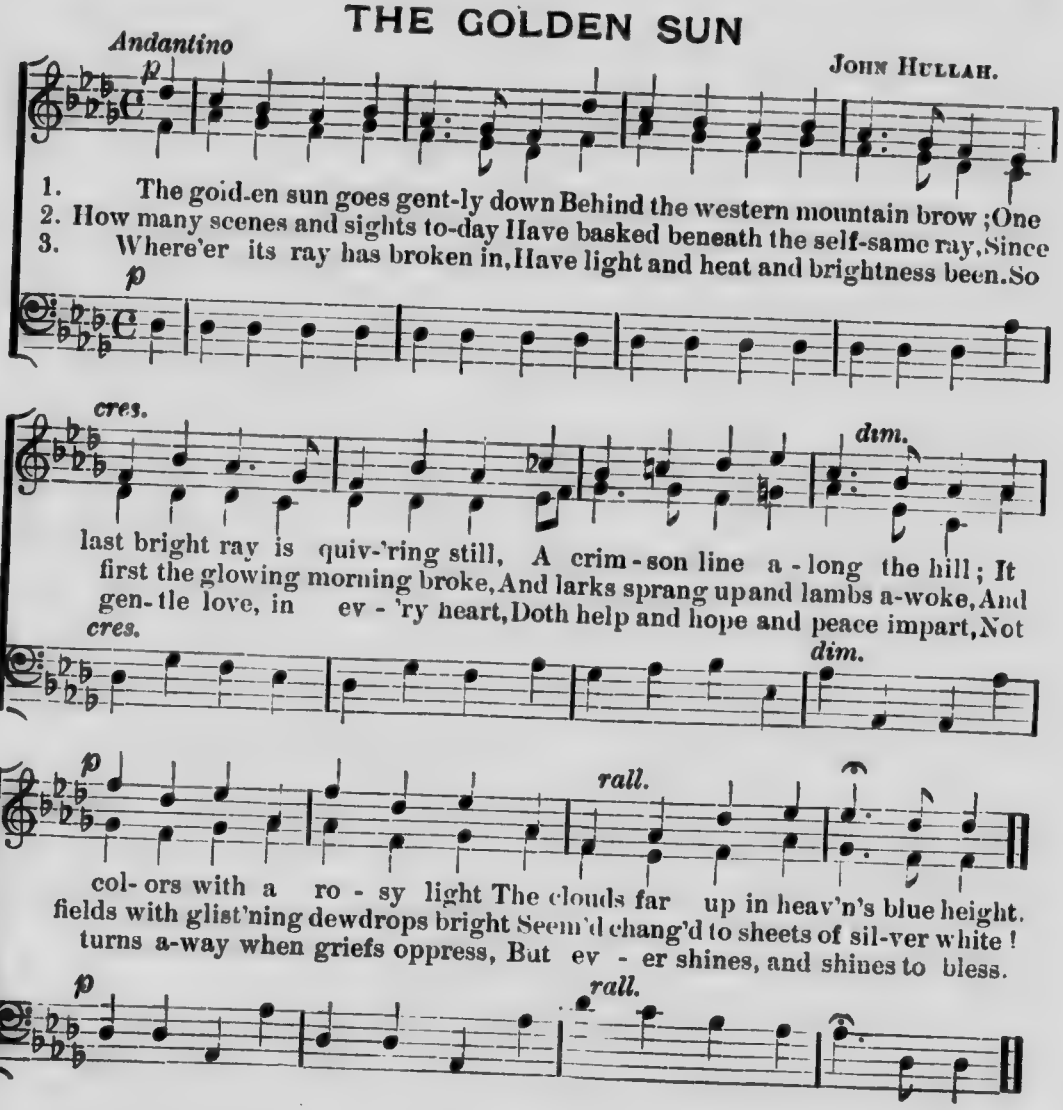
cres.

p

cres.



THE GOLDEN SUN



I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY

Moderato

German Folk Song

1. I know a sweet val - ley where bright wa - ters play, Where
2. There stands a neat cot - tage with wood - bine en - twin'd, And
3. There hearts true and faithful their joy - ful songs raise, And

ev - 'ning is balm - y and bright is the day; A
sweet hon - ey - suc - kles and li - - lac you'll find. There
make of the hearth-stone an al - - tar of praise. Oh!

grove full of beau - ty shades val - ley and spring, Where
peace dwells with free - dom, there foes are not fear'd, There
sweet is the val - ley where bright wa - ters play, To

birds rear their nest - lings and teach them to sing.
child - hood is cher - ish'd, and age is re ver'd.
soothe the cool ev - 'ning and glad - den the day.

IN THE TALL ELM TREE

German Folk Song

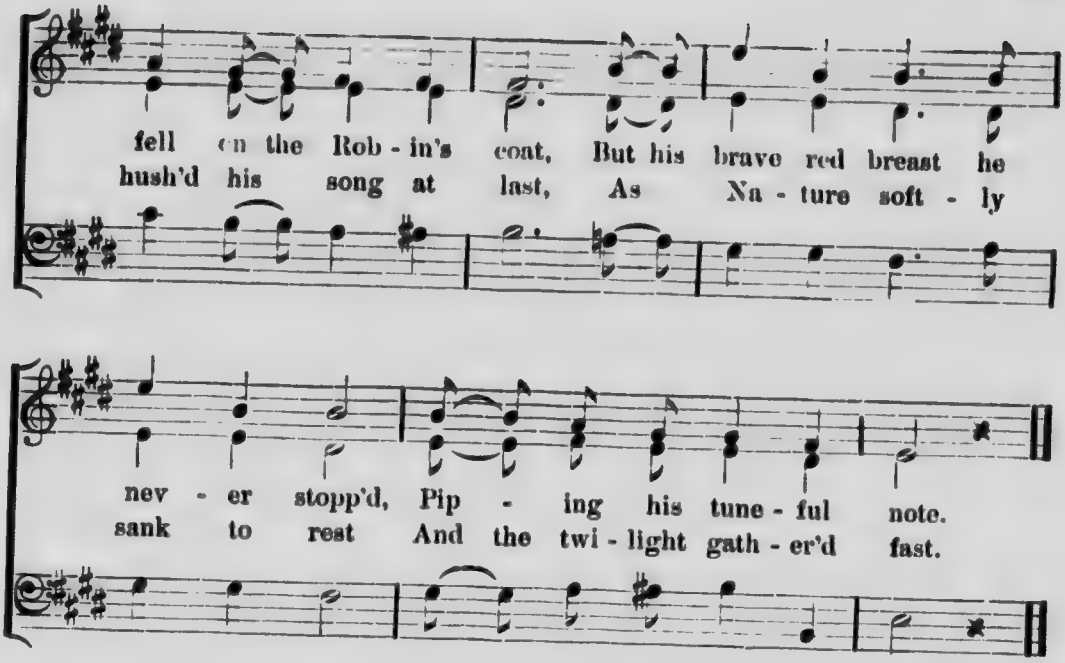
mf Maestoso

1. In the tall elm tree sat the Ro - bin bright, Thro' the
2. For the fields were green and the trees were glad, And the

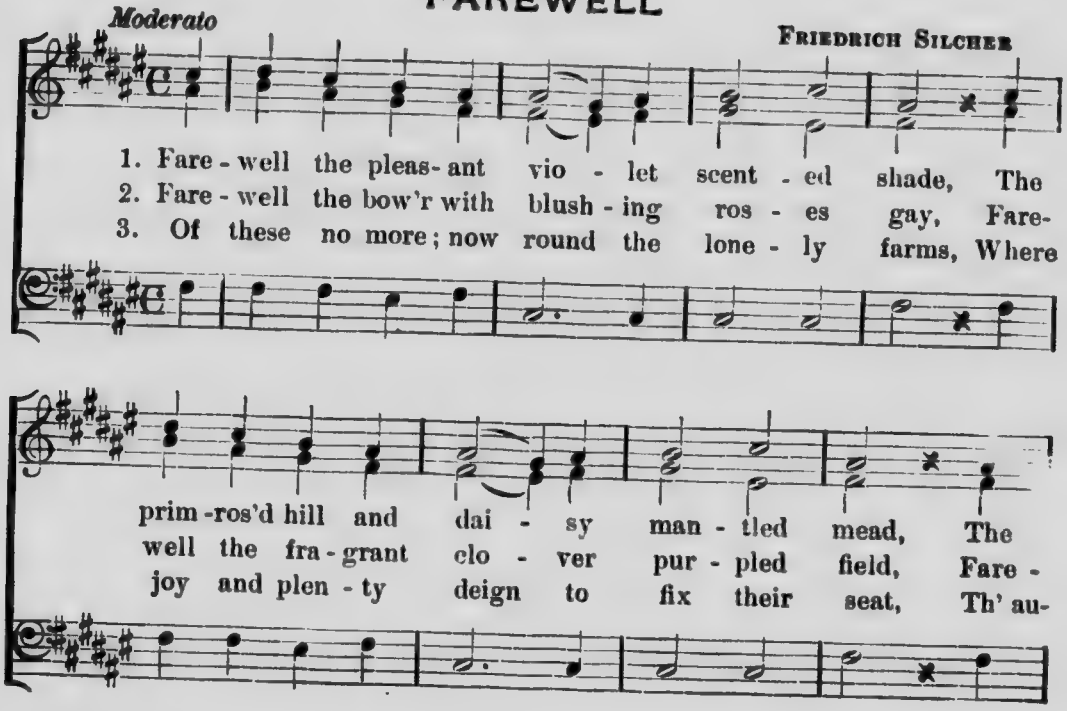
rain - y A - pril day; And he car - oll'd clear with a
bliss - ful life that stirr'd In the earth's wide breast was

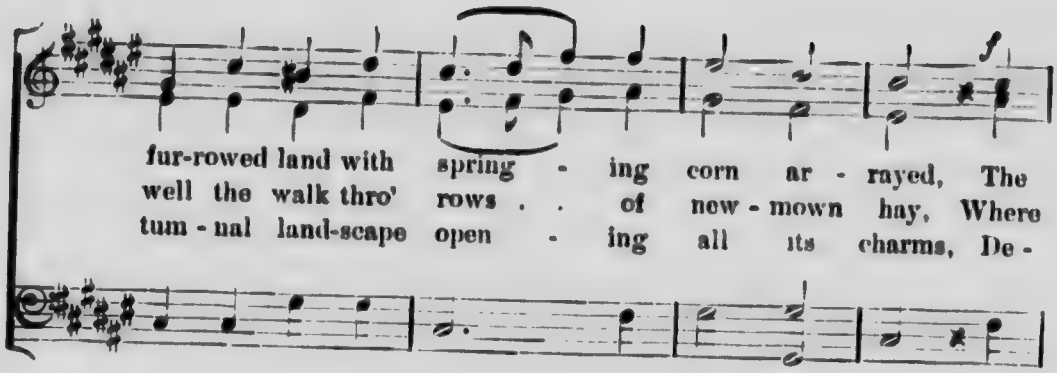
pure de - light, In the face of the sky so gray,
full and warm In the heart of the lit - tle bird.

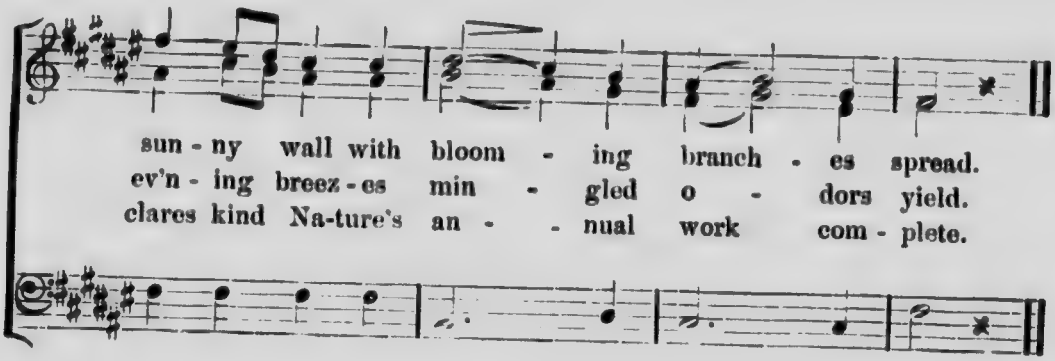
And the sil - v'ry rain thro' the blos - soms dropp'd, And
But the sun dropp'd down in the qui - et west, And he


fell on the Rob - in's coat, But his brave red breast he
hush'd his song at last, As Na - ture soft - ly
nev - er stopp'd, Pip - ing his tune - ful note.
sank to rest And the twi - light gath - er'd fast.

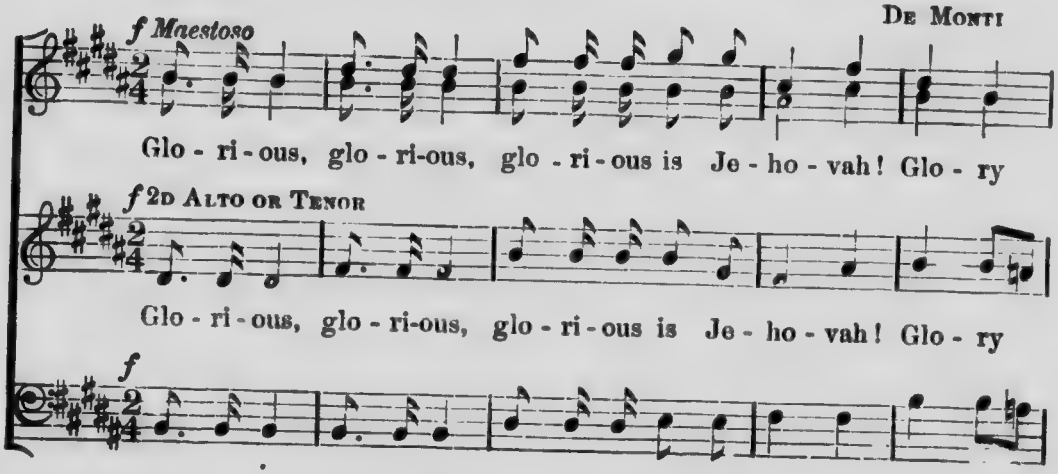
FAREWELL

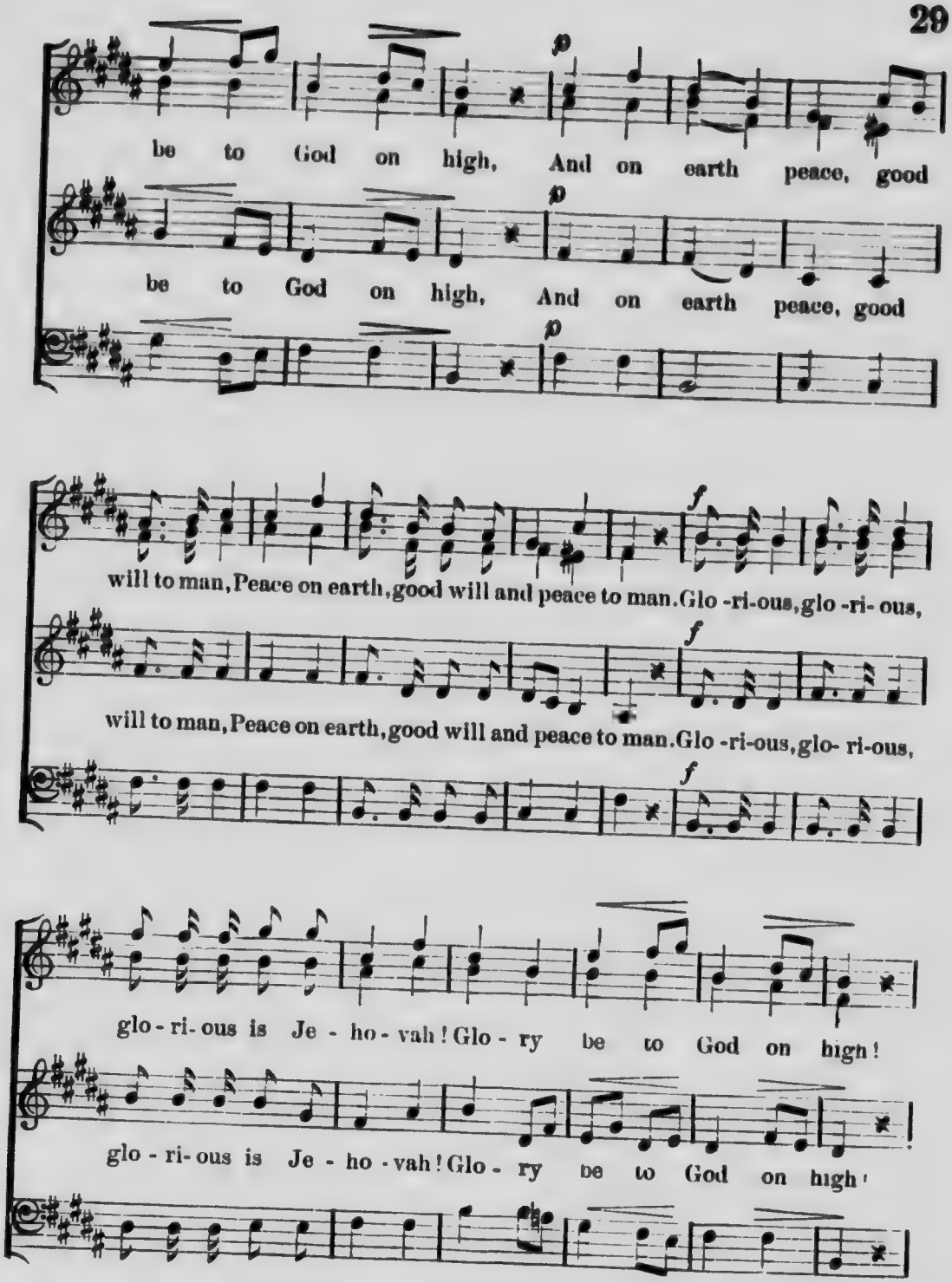

Moderato
FRIEDRICH SILCHER
1. Fare - well the pleas - ant vio - let scent - ed shade, The
2. Fare - well the bow'r with blush - ing ros - es gay, Fare-
3. Of these no more; now round the lone - ly farms, Where
prim - ros'd hill and dai - sy man - tled mead, The
well the fra - grant clo - ver pur - pled field, Fare -
joy and plen - ty deign to fix their seat, Th' au-

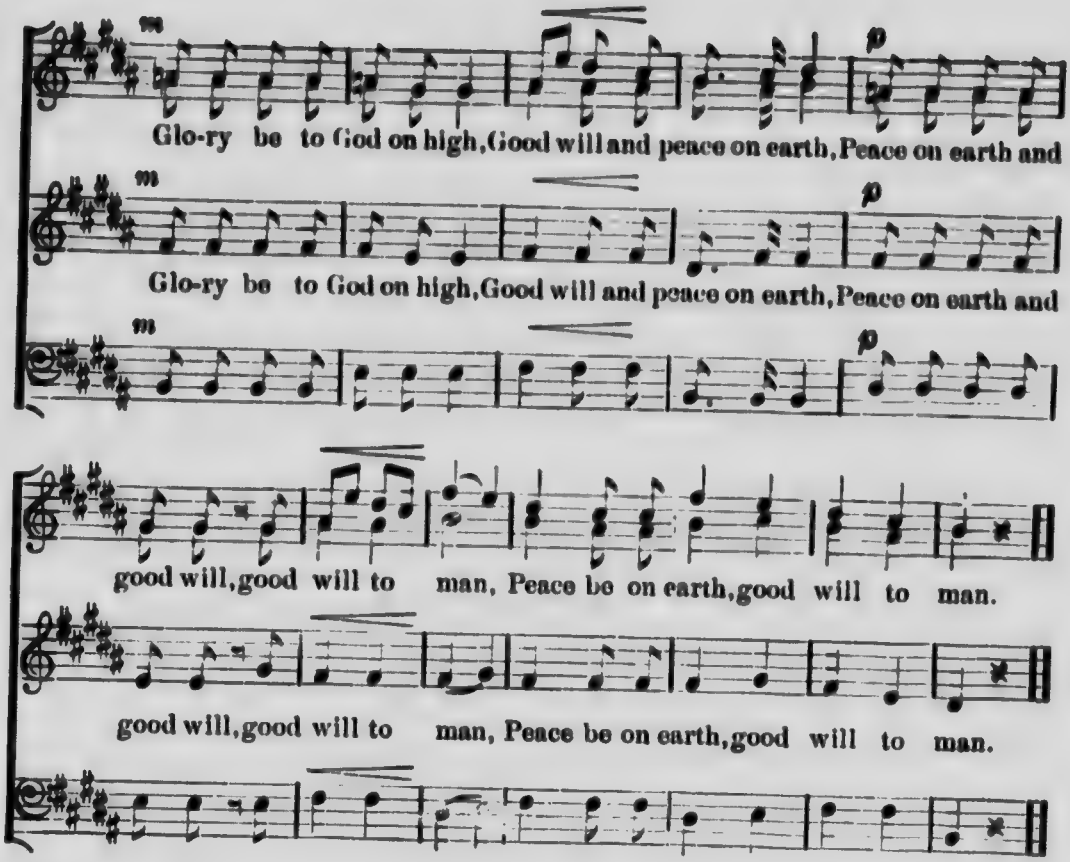




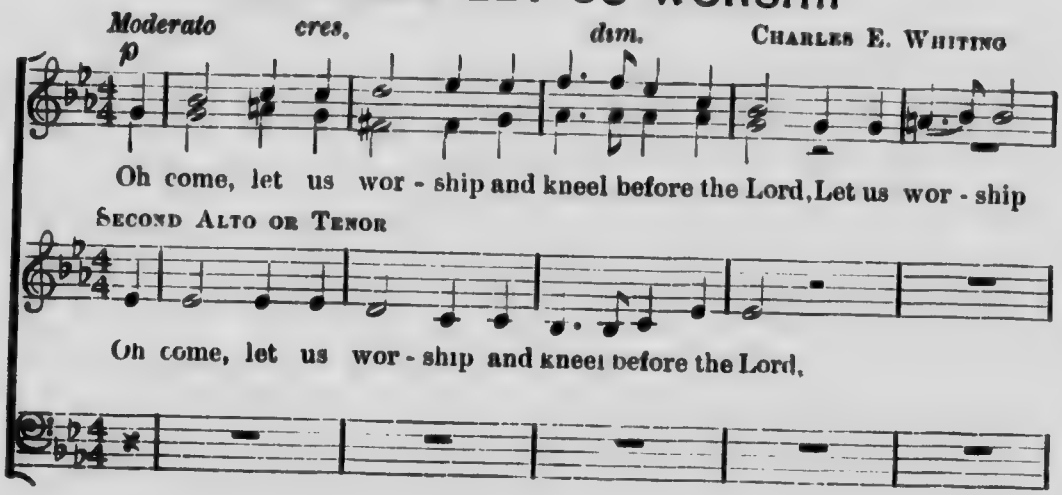
GLORIOUS IS JEHOVAH




be to God on high, And on earth peace, good
be to God on high, And on earth peace, good
will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo -ri-ous, glo -ri- ous,
will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo -ri-ous, glo- ri-ous,
glo - ri- ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!
glo - ri- ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!



OH COME LET US WORSHIP



and fall down, For He is the Lord, He is the Lord our God, and

and fall down, He is the Lord our God,

Let

we are the peo - ple of His pas - ture, Let us wor - ship, let us

are the peo - ple of His pas - ture. Let us wor - ship, let us

f

worship, Let us heart - i - ly re - joice in the strength of our sal-

worship, Re - joice in the strength of our sal-

va-tion. Let us come before His pres - ence with thanksgiving, and

va-tion. with thanksgiving,

show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

with psalms. Let us worship, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord,

Lord, for He is the Lord our God, And kneel be-

Lord, is the Lord our God, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel be-

cres. *f* *p*

fore the Lord, our Maker, for He is the Lord our God. A - men, A - men.

f *p*

fore the Lord, our Maker, for He is the Lord our God. A - men, A - men.

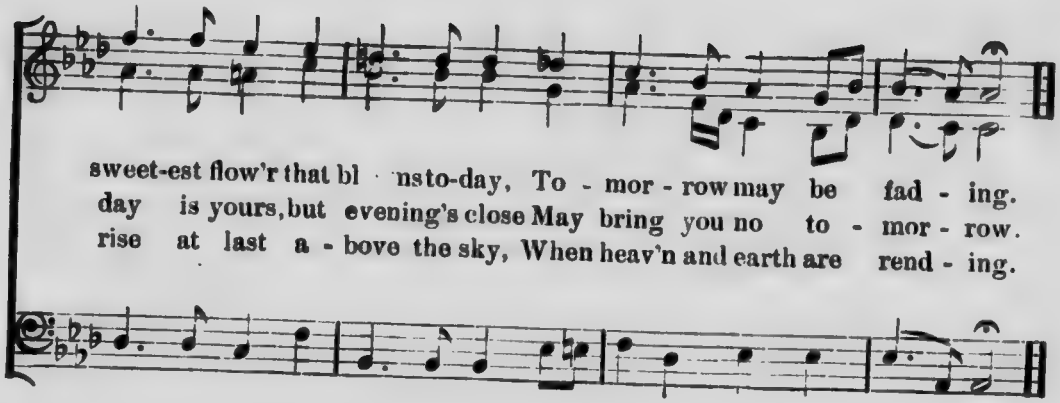
f *p*

GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS

Andante English Folk Song

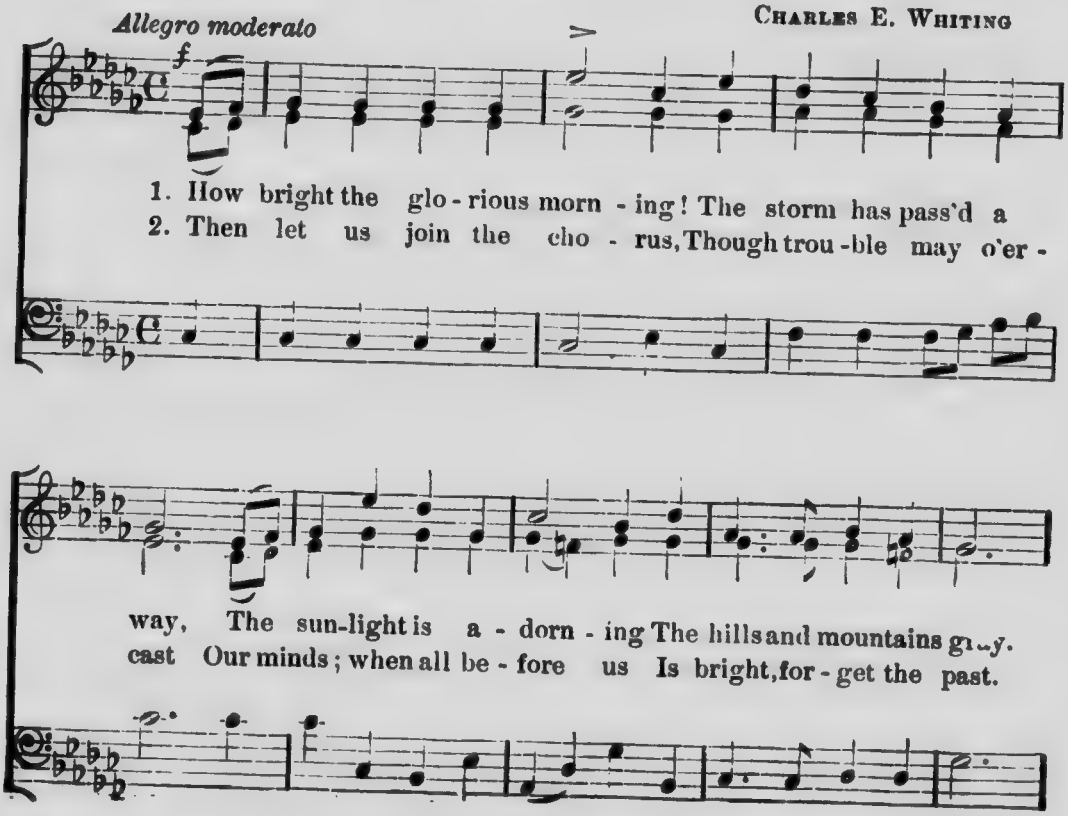
1. Gath-er your rose-buds while you may, Be - fore their leaves are shedding; The
2. Life is as frail as the fra - gile rose, And time will lend nor bor - row; To-
3. The good you do will nev - er die, But o'er the world extending, Shall

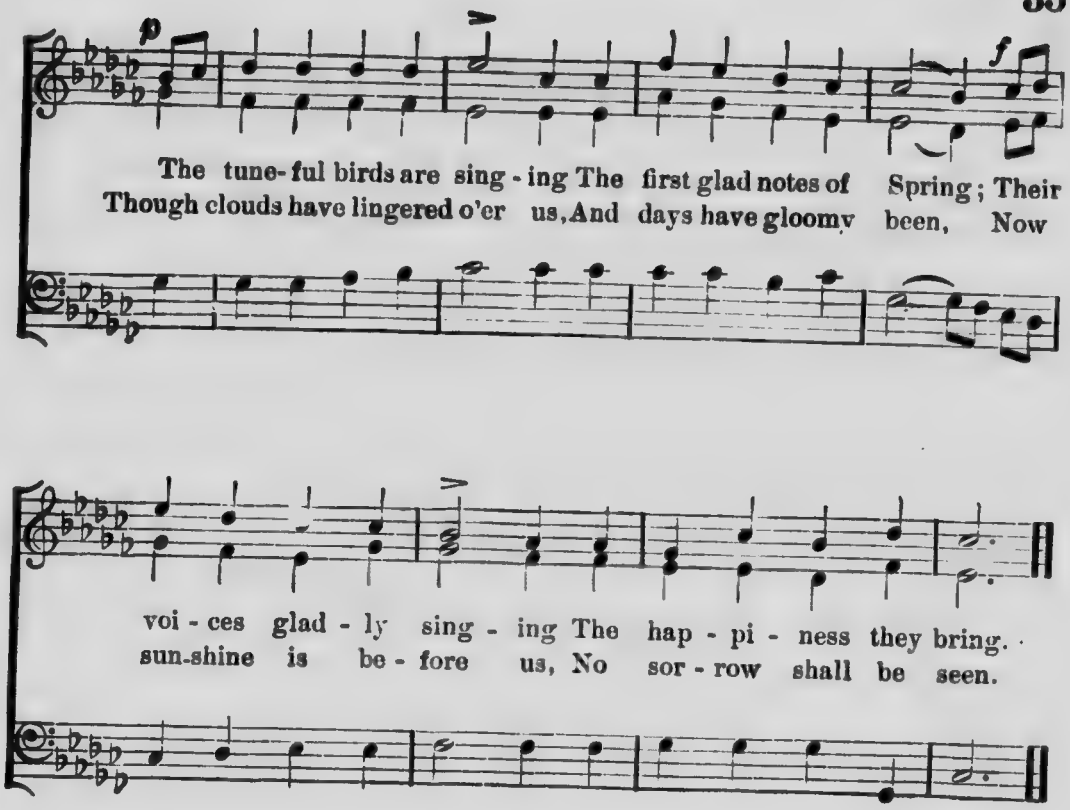
Before their leaves are shed-ding;
And time will lend nor bor - row;
But o'er the world ex - tend - ing,



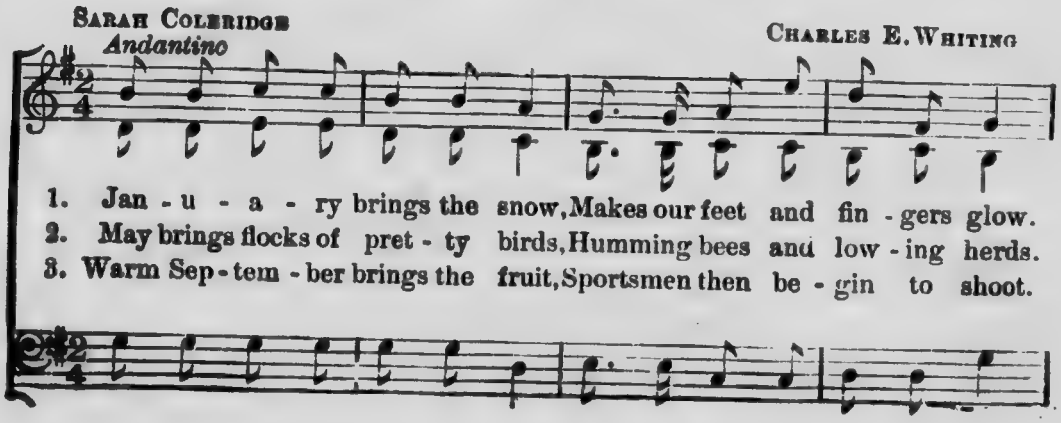
HOW BRIGHT THE GLORIOUS MORNING

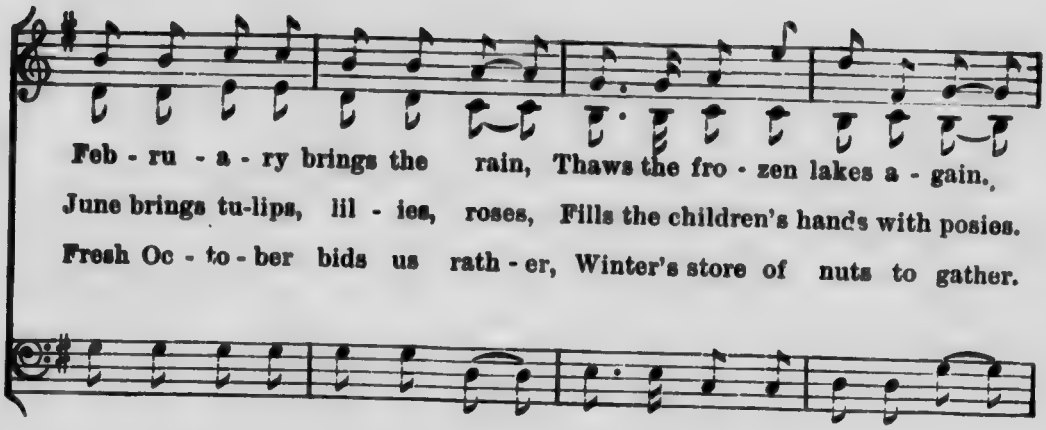
Allegro moderato — CHARLES E. WHITING

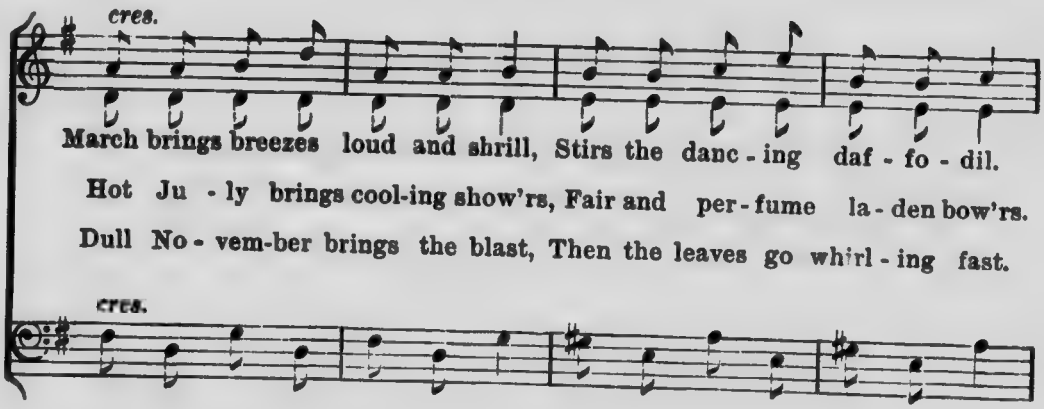


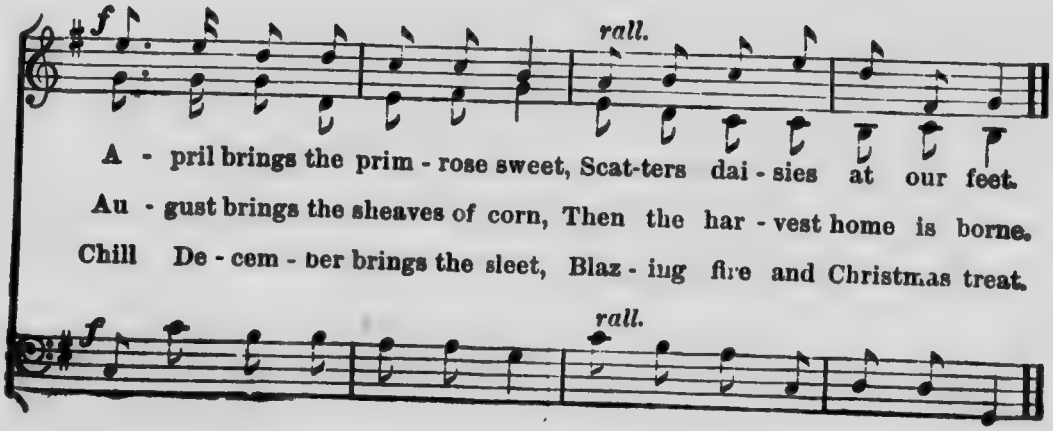


JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW




Feb - ru - a - ry brings the rain, Thaws the fro - zen lakes a - gain.
June brings tu-lips, lil - ies, roses, Fills the children's hands with posies.
Fresh Oc - to - ber bids us rath - er, Winter's store of nuts to gather.


cres.
March brings breezes loud and shrill, Stirs the danc - ing daf - fo - dil.
Hot Ju - ly brings cool-ing show'rs, Fair and per - fume la - den bow'rs.
Dull No - vem-ber brings the blast, Then the leaves go whirl - ing fast.
cres.


f
rall.
A - pril brings the prim - rose sweet, Scat-ters dai - sies at our feet.
Au - gust brings the sheaves of corn, Then the har - vest home is borne.
Chill De - cem - ber brings the sleet, Blaz - ing fire and Christmas treat.
f
rall.

HOW LOVELY ARE THE WOODS

FRANZ ABT

Allegro

1. How love - ly are the woods, The green and shad - y woods! How
2. Oh! how I love the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Oh!

3. Come with me to the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Come

mf

love - ly are the woods, The green and shad - y woods! When
how I love the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Wh e

with me to the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Call

mf

sweet - ly the birds are all sing - ing, When thanks for the morn - ing are
light swinging branches are t m - bling With dew - drops that soft - ly are

ech - oes that dwell by the moun - tain, To an - swer your voice from the

f *pp*

ring - ing, A-round in the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y
sprink-ling The leaves of the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y

foun - tain That springs in the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y

f *ff*

woods. Tra - la, tra - la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra-

woods. Tra - la, tra - la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra-

tra-la,

mf

- la,.... tra - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la.

- la,.... tra - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la.

tra-la,

PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD

1. Pret - ty village maid - en, Art thou dreaming now? . . . .
2. Pret - ty village maid - en, Art thou smil-ing now, ...

p *Allegretto*

1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dreaming now?
2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smiling now,

p 2d Alto or Tenor

1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dream-ing,
2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil-ing,

p

Like the new-born morning, Deck with smiles thy brow! . . . .
As thou hear'st our voic - es, Sing ing sweet and low? . . . .

Like the new - born morn - ing, Deck with smiles thy brow!
As thou hear'st our voic - es, Singing sweet and low?

Like the new - born morn - ing, Thy brow deck - ing?
As thou hear'st our voic - es, Sweet - ly sing - ing?

Hark! the birds are singing! Dost hear from tree to tree, Sweet their echoes
mf Wake thou from thy slumber, Thou should'st no longer sleep. Come and take our

Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their
Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber. Come and

mf

Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their
Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber, Come and

mf

ring - ing In honor, love, of thee? Come and share the flow - ers,
wel - come, Thy bri-dal morn we keep.

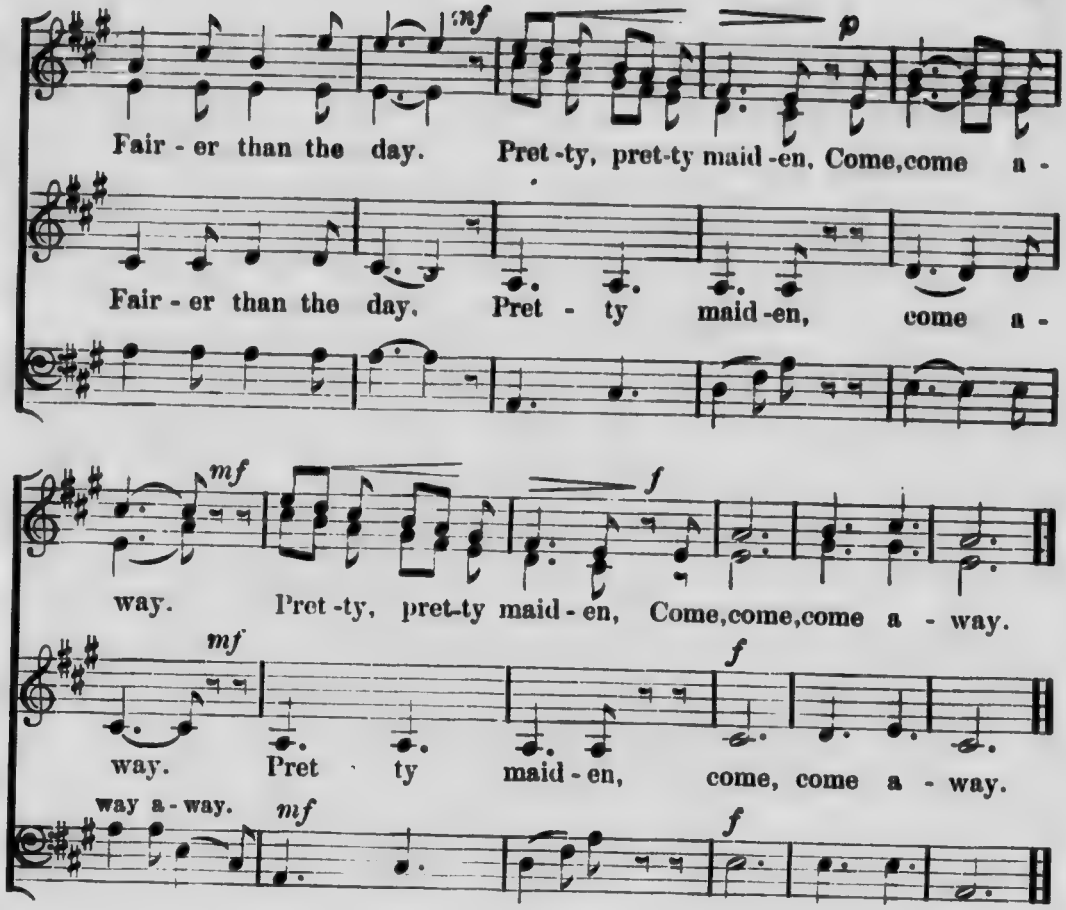
p

ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,
take, Oh! take our wel - come.

p

ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,
take, O! take our wel - come.

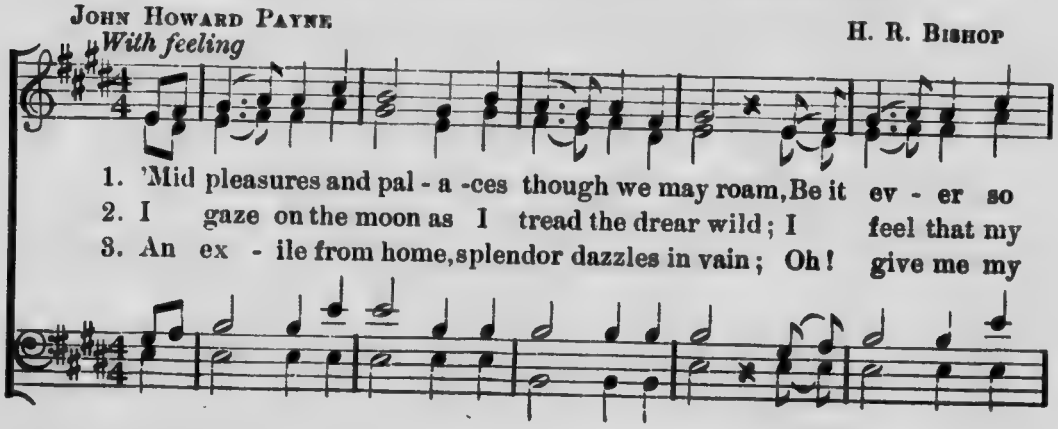
p

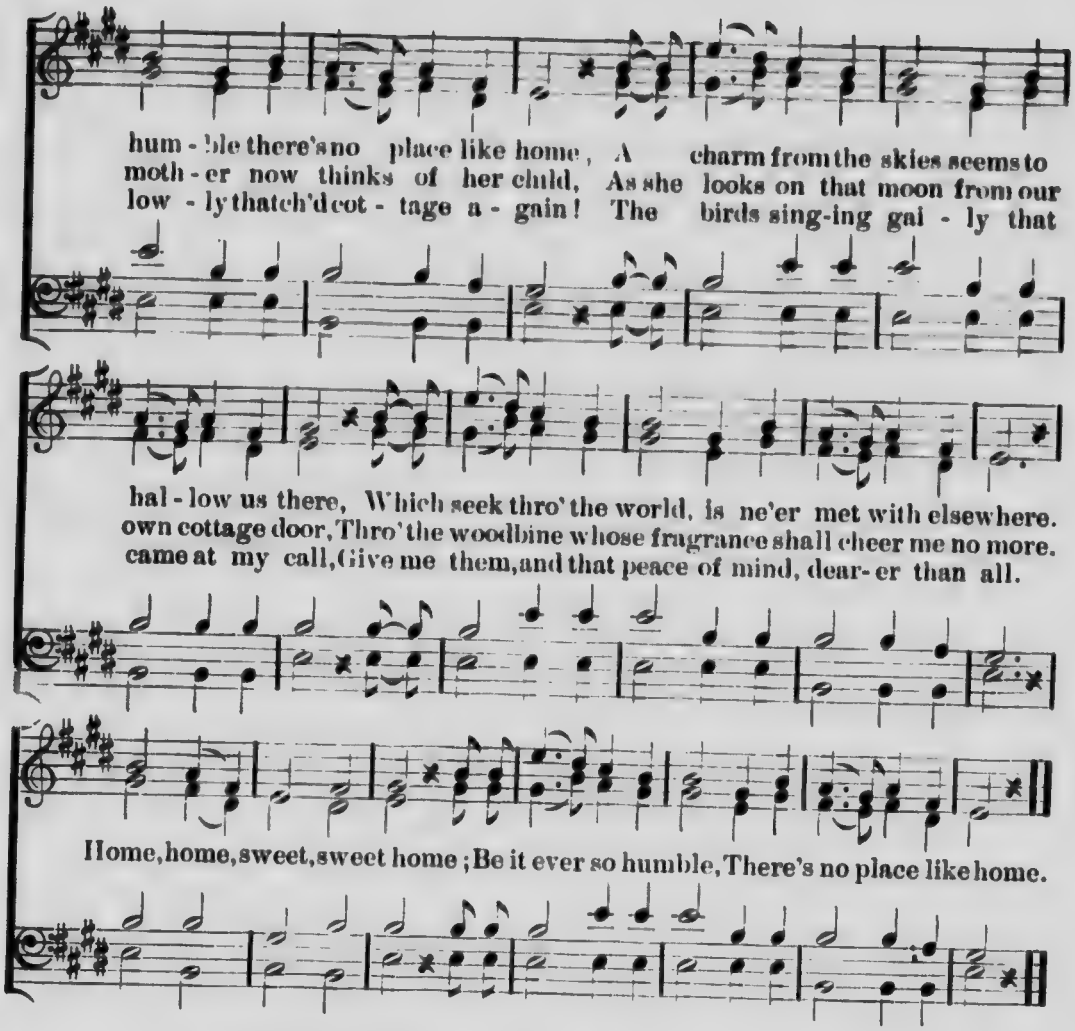


'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

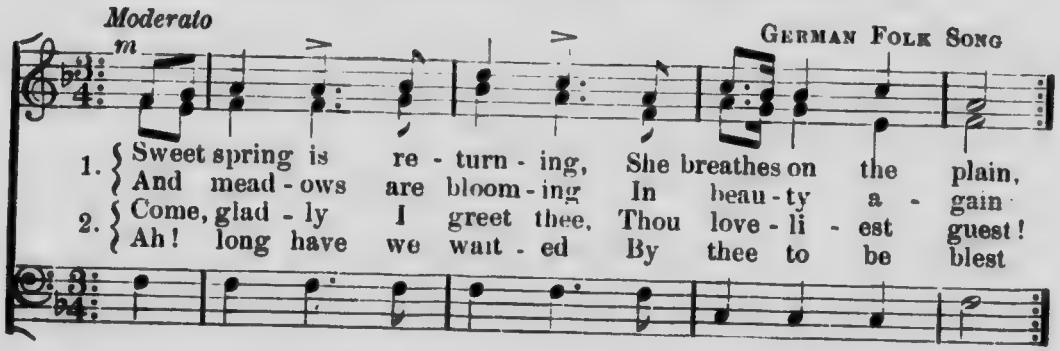
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

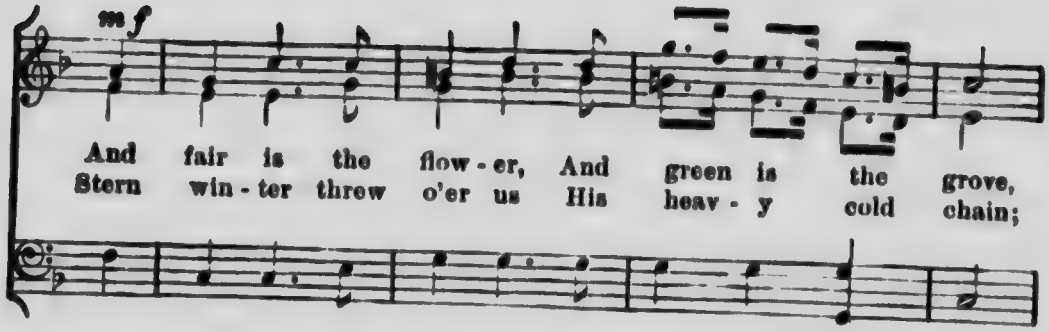
H. R. BISHOP

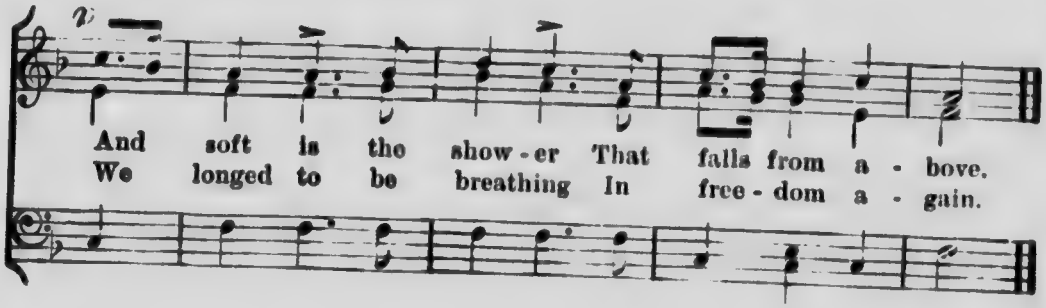




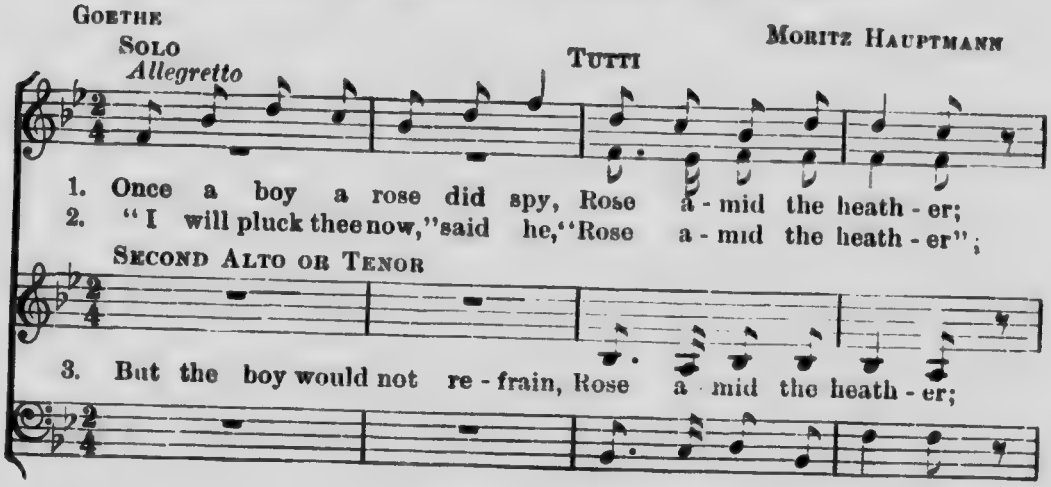
SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING







ONCE A BOY A ROSE DID SPY



SOLI

Fresh and fair it met the eye, And he hur - ried ea - ger - ly
Rose - bud answered "Touch me not! Or a thorn I'll stick in thee.

All re - sis - tance was in vain, Naught a - vailed it grief or pain,

TUTTI

All its sweets to gather! Rose-bud, rose - bud, rosebud, rosebud,
Leave me 'mid the heather!" Rose-bud, rose - bud, rosebud, rosebud,

Dy - ing 'mid the heather! Rose-bud, rose - bud, rosebud,

Rose a - mid the heath - er.

red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.

red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.
Rose a - mid the heath - er.

BELLS ARE DAILY TINKLING GAILY

A. J. Foxwell — Arthur Whiting

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, Kling, klang,

Allegretto

Crescendo

1. Bells are dai - ly
2. Now the shin - ing
3. From the sledg - es

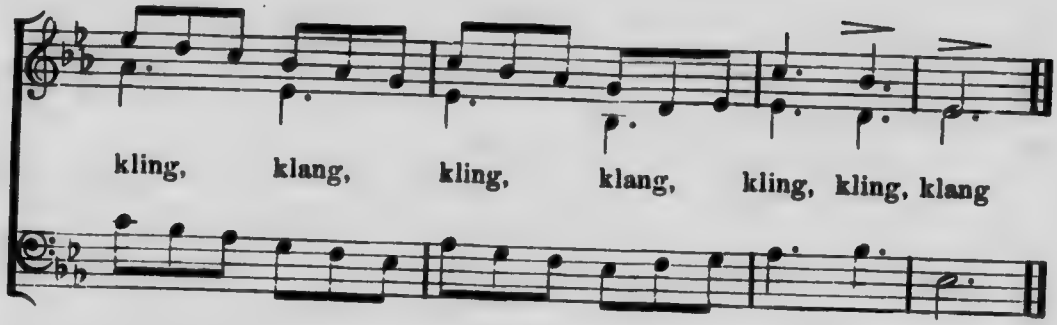
Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang,

tink - ling gai - ly, For the win - ter is begun; How they jin - gle
snow is shrin - ing All the hol-lows of the ground, Ev'-ry high - way,
come the pledg - es Of a gay and fes-tive time; Shouts and laughter

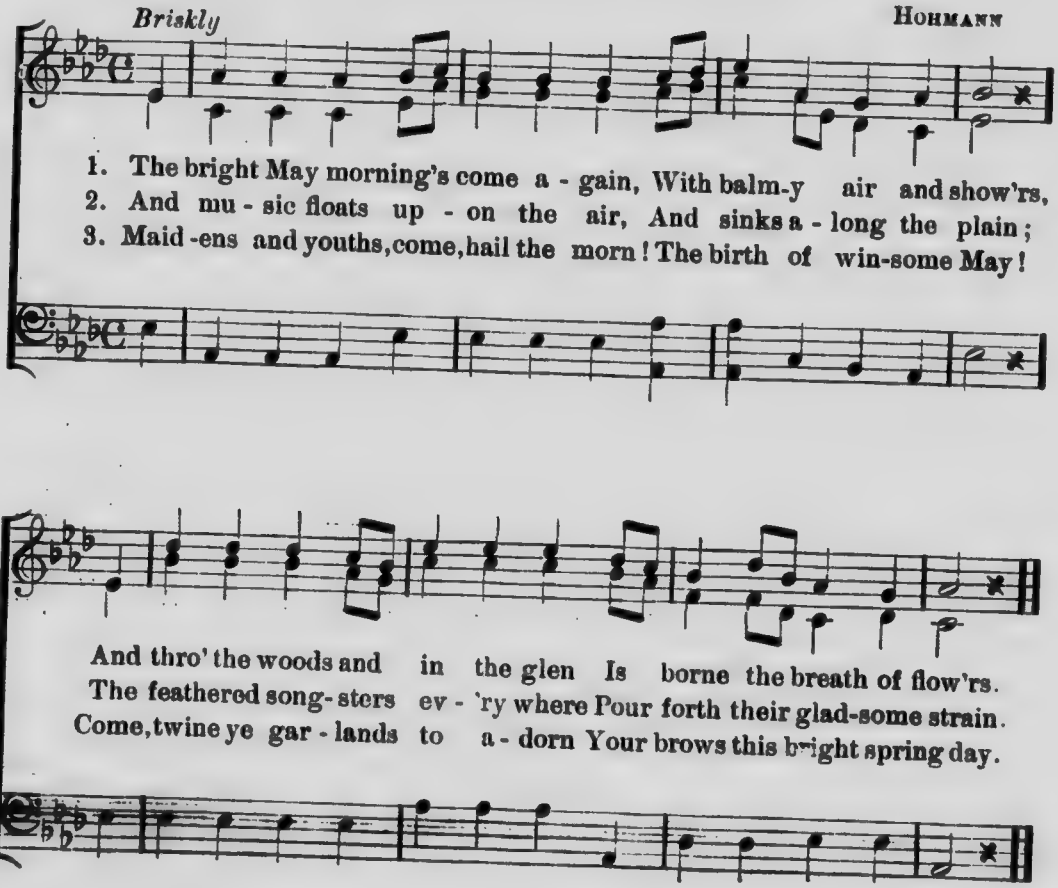
as they min - gle, All the way - side tones in one! Kling, klang, kling, klang,
ev'-ry byway, Hears the sleigh bells' joyous sound. Kling, klang, kling, klang,
rippling aft -er, Swell the sleigh bells' merry chime. Kling, klang, kling, klang,

ff

kling, klang, kling, klang, All the wayside tones in one, kling, klang,



THE BRIGHT MAY MORNING'S COME AGAIN



IN SOLEMN CALM

Moderato

CHARLES E. WHITING

In sol - emn calm a si - lence ho - ly Now lies on all things

far and nigh; The woods a - lone are bend - ing low - ly To

greet their Mak-er pass - ing by, To greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To

greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, their Mak - er pass-ing by.

I feel my be - ing new cre - a - ted. Where now is care and

sor - row gone? The fears that late - ly o - - ver -

weight - ed, Re - turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, Re -

turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, a - bash'd be - fore the dawn.

MAKER OF EARTH

E. B. Lord

Moderato

Charles E. Whiting

1. Mak - er of earth and sea and sky, Cre - a - tion's sov - reign
2. For us they toil, for us they die, These hum - ble crea - tures

Lord and King, Who hung the star - ry worlds on high, And
Thou hast made. How shall we dare their rights de - ny, On

formed a - like the spar-row's wings, Bless the dumb crea - tures
whom Thy seal of love is laid? Teach Thou our hearts to

of Thy care, And lis - ten to their voice - less prayer.
hear their plea, As Thou dost man's in pray'r - to Thee.

COME SILENT EVENING

L. DE CALL

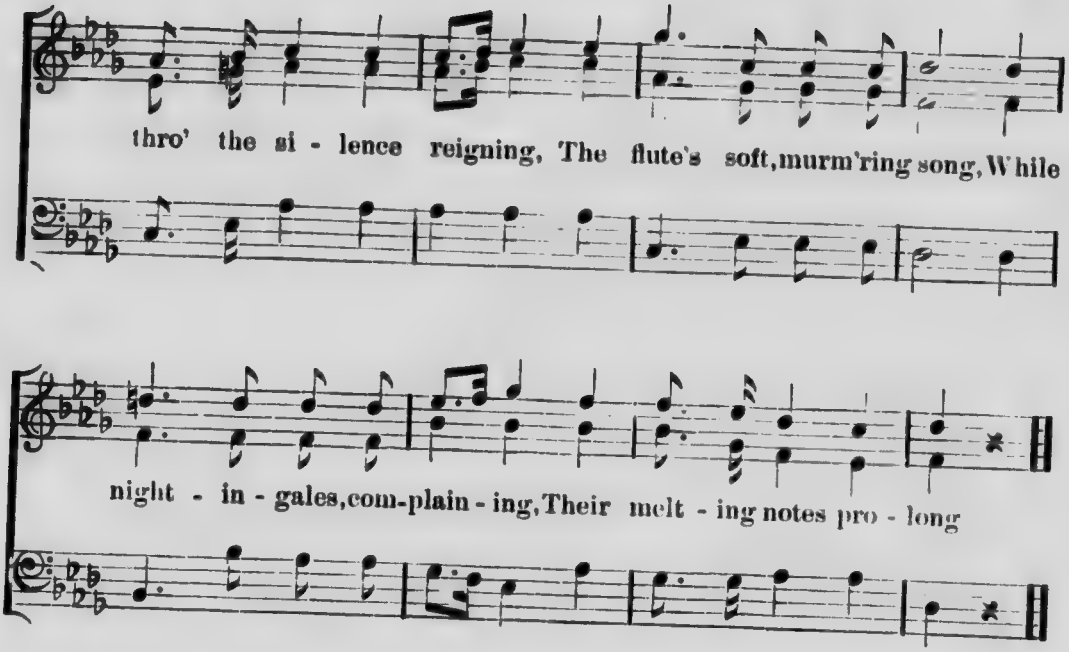
Moderato

Come, si - lent eve-ning, o'er us, In this se-ques-ter'd plain, And
See twi - light fast de - scending Up - on each dale and hill; The

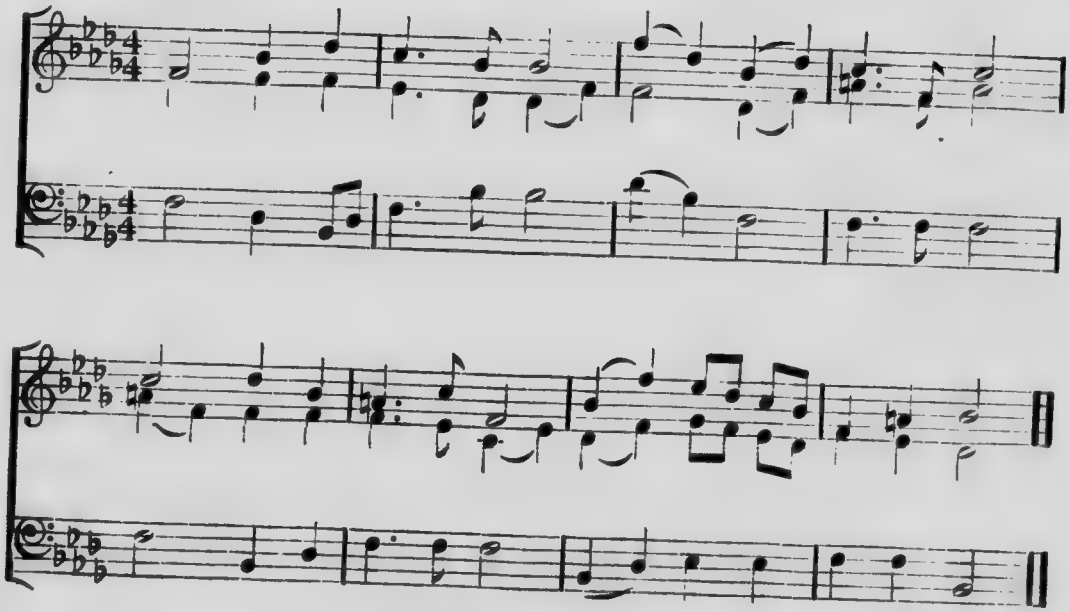
as thou clos - est o'er us, We'll chant our hum - ble strain.
sun his last rays bend - ing, Now glim-mers on the hill.

Now love - ly na - ture wear-eth Too soon the garb of night, And

beau - ti - ful ap - pear-eth The moon with sil - v'ry light. Hark!


thro' the si - lence reigning, The flute's soft, murm'ring song, While
night - in - gales, com-plain - ing, Their melt - ing notes pro - long

SOLFEGGIO



SING, SING FOR THE OAK TREE

MARY HOWITT — JOHN HULLAH

Allegro maestoso

1. Sing, sing for the oak tree, The monarch of the wood; Sing, sing for the oak tree, That grow-eth green and good; That grow-eth broad and branch-ing With-in the for-est shade; That grow-eth now, and yet shall grow, When we are low-ly laid!
2. Four cent'ries grows the oak tree, Nor doth its ver-dure fail; Its heart is like the i-ron-wood, Its bark like plat-ed mail. Now cut us down the oak tree, The mon-arch of the wood, And of its tim-bers, stout and strong, We'll build a ves-sel good!
3. The oak tree of the for-est Both east and west shall fly; The bless-ings of a thousand lands Up-on our ship shall lie; She shall not be a man-of-war, Nor pi-rate shall she be, But a no-ble sail-ing mer-chant ship, To plough the rag-ing sea.

f — *p* — *cres. e rall.* — *adagio*

WHEN WINDS BLOW PURE

JOHN HULLAH

Moderato

1. When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos-soms load the air,
2. How sweet un - to the wea - ry, In such un - vex'd re - pose,
3. And then how fresh the slum - bers, Which fall up - on our eyes,

And green trees wave their branch-es, And all a - round looks fair,
When evening's length'ning shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close!
When night's clear dews are fall - ing And stars are in the skies!

I ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work till night has come,
With qui - et in our bo - soms, We sit in twi-light's shades,
No fev'r - ish dreams af - fright us, And make us start and weep,

And then re turn con - tent - ed, To rest my - self at home.
And watch the crim - son ra - diance, As from the west it fades.
But trust-ing in God's kind care, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

HARK! THE DEEP TONED BELL

English Folk Song

Moderato

1. Hark! the deep ton'd bell is call - ing, Come, O come!
2. Now a - gain its notes are peal - ing, Come, O come!
3. Still the ech - oed voice is sing - ing, Hith - er come!

Wea - ry ones no lon - ger wan - der, Hith - er come;
In the sa - cred tem - ple kneel-ing, Seek thy home;
Ev - 'ry heart pure in - cense bring-ing, Hith - er come;

Loud - er now and deep - er peal - ing, On the heart that
Come, and in His pres - ence bend - ing, Love the place where
Fa - ther, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, May our souls to

voice is steal-ing, Come, no lon - ger roam, Come, no lon - ger roam.
God de-scending Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.
heav'n as-cend-ing, Find in Thee their home, Find in Thee their home.

THRO' LANES WITH HEDGEROWS PEARLY

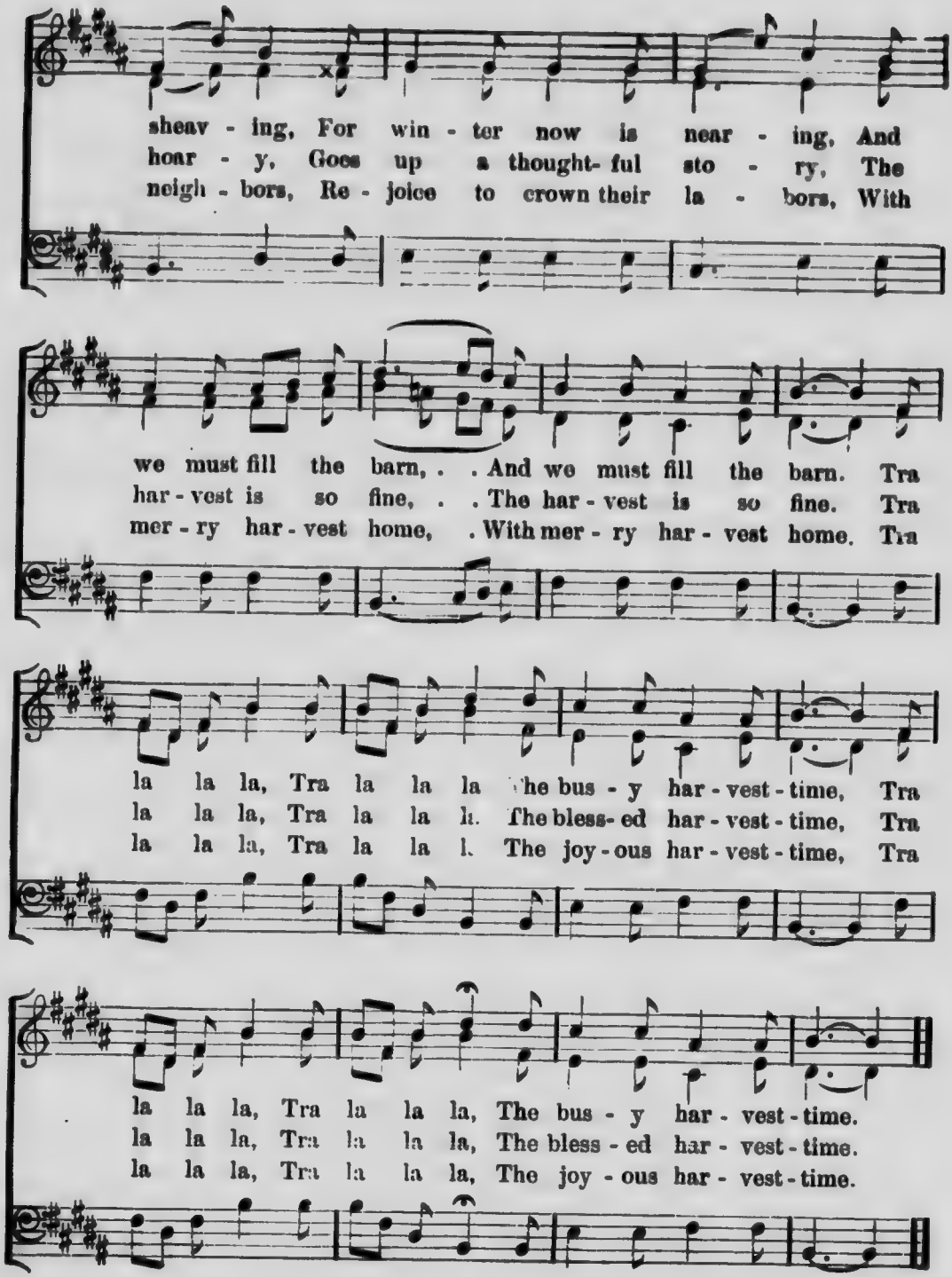
GERMAN FOLK SONG

Lively

1. Thro' lanes with hedge-rows pearl - y, Go forth the reap - ers
2. At noon they leave the mead - ow, Be - neath the friend - ly
3. And when the west is burn - ing, From shav - en fields re -

ear - ly, A - mong the yel - low corn, . . A -
shad - ow Of mon - arch oak to dine, . . Of
turn - ing, Up - on the train they come, . . Up -

mong the yel - low corn. . . Good luck be - tide their
mon - arch oak to dine. . . And 'mid its branch - es
on the train they come; . And all their ham - let


sheav - ing, For win - ter now is near - ing, And
hoar - y, Goes up a thought- ful sto - ry, The
neigh - bors, Re - joice to crown their la - bors, With
we must fill the barn, . . And we must fill the barn. Tra
har - vest is so fine, . . The har - vest is so fine. Tra
mer - ry har - vest home, . With mer - ry har - vest home. Tra
la la la, Tra la la la The bus - y har - vest - time, Tra
la la la, Tra la la la. The bless- ed har - vest - time, Tra
la la la, Tra la la la. The joy - ous har - vest - time, Tra
la la la, Tra la la la, The bus - y har - vest - time.
la la la, Tra la la la, The bless - ed har - vest - time.
la la la, Tra la la la, The joy - ous har - vest - time.

FLOWERS WILD WOOD FLOWERS

Moderato

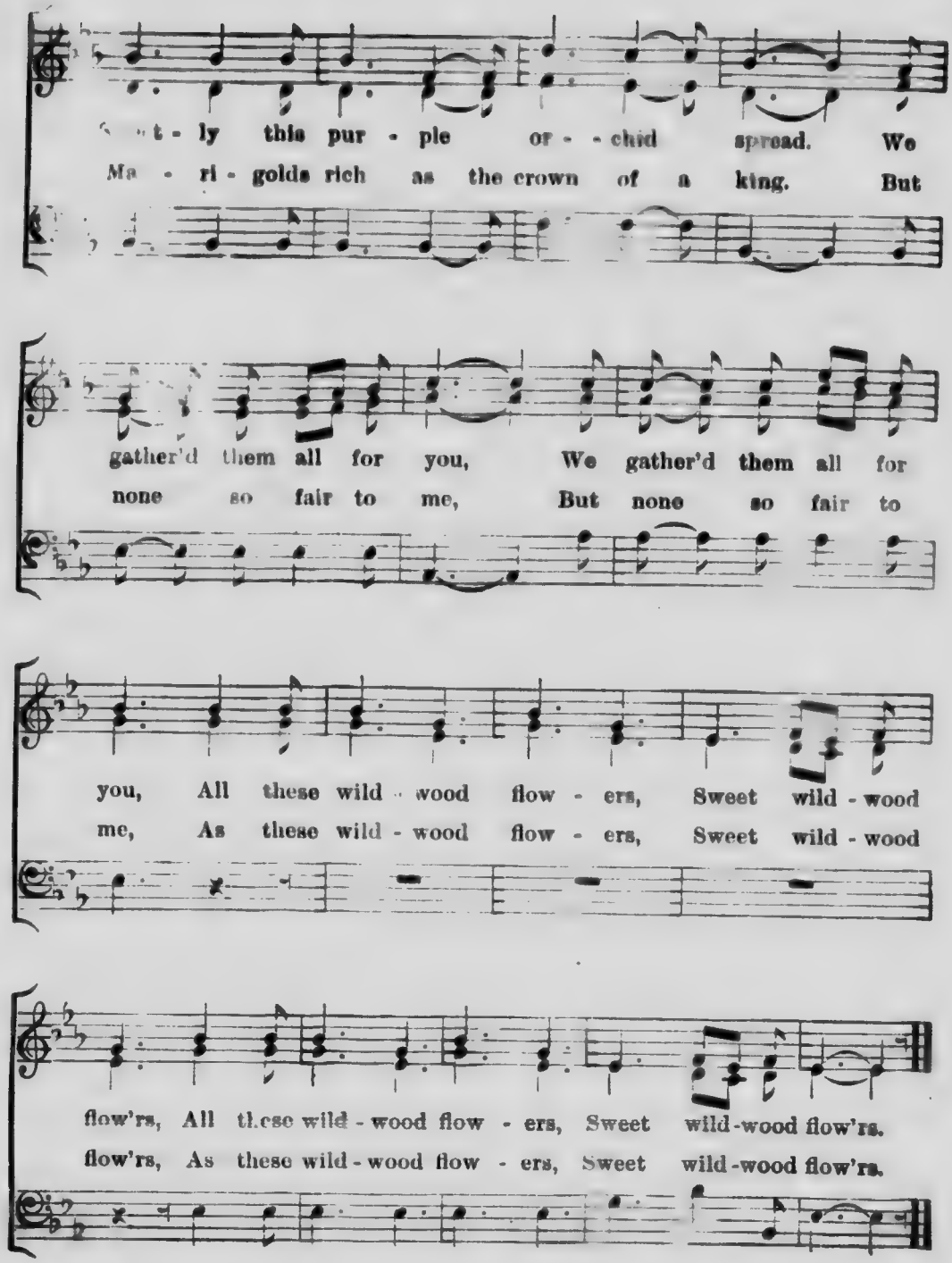
LOWELL MASON

1. Flowers, wildwood flow - ers, In the shel-ter'd dell they grew,
2. Flowers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see,

Flow - ers, wildwood flow - ers, In a shel-ter'd dell they grew. I
Flow - ers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see. The

hurried a - long, and I chanced to spy This small star flow'r with its
rose is there with her ru - by lip, With pinks whose hon - ey we

silv - 'ry eye; Then this blue dai - sy peep'd up its head,
love to sip, Tu - lips gay as but - ter - flies' wings,


t - ly this pur - ple or - - chid spread. We
Ma - ri - golds rich as the crown of a king. But
gather'd them all for you, We gather'd them all for
none so fair to me, But none so fair to
you, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood
me, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood
flow'rs, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.
flow'rs, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.

OH SEE THE LOVELY GOLDEN SUN

Moderato

ALBERT GOTTLIEB METHFESSEL

1. Oh see the love-ly gold - en sun, His high, his heav'nly pathway run! What
2. A sea of fire he sails on high, Sheds light and warmth o'er earth and sky, And
3. Thus, day by day, a - gain he'll rise, And walk in glo- ry thro' the skies; From

bids him leave so fresh and bright His east- ern throne of morn - ing light?
nev - er tires nor sinks to rest Till filled with joy is ev - 'ry breast.
morn to night, from shore to shore, He'll rise to bles- till time is o'er.

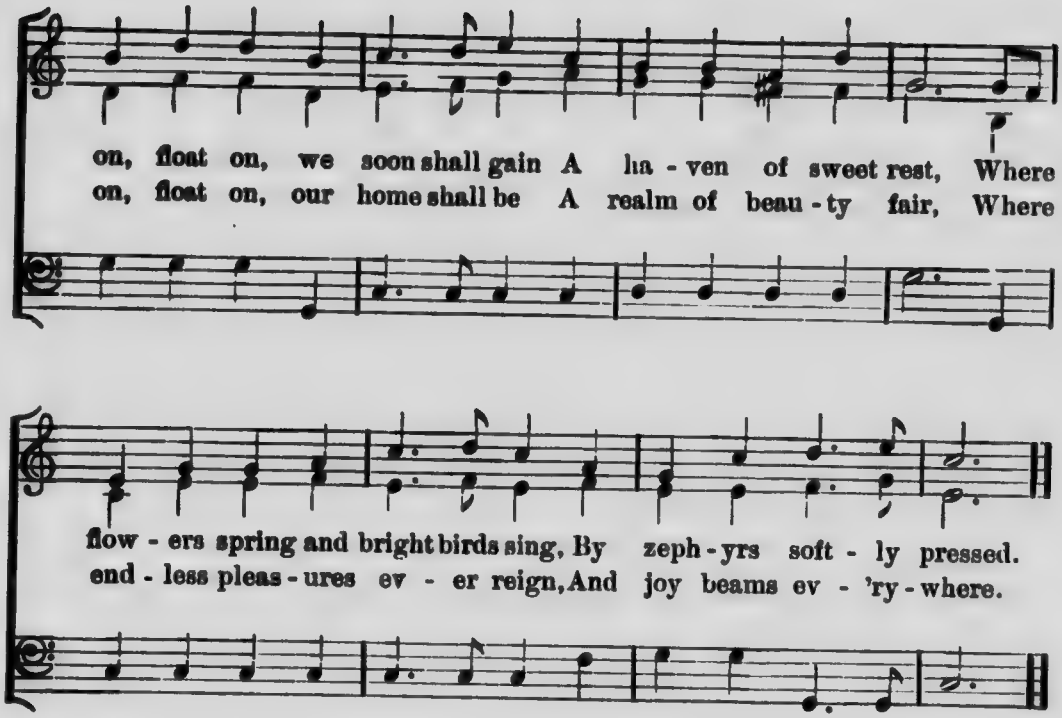
FLOAT ON MY BARK

Con spirito

GERMAN FOLK SONG

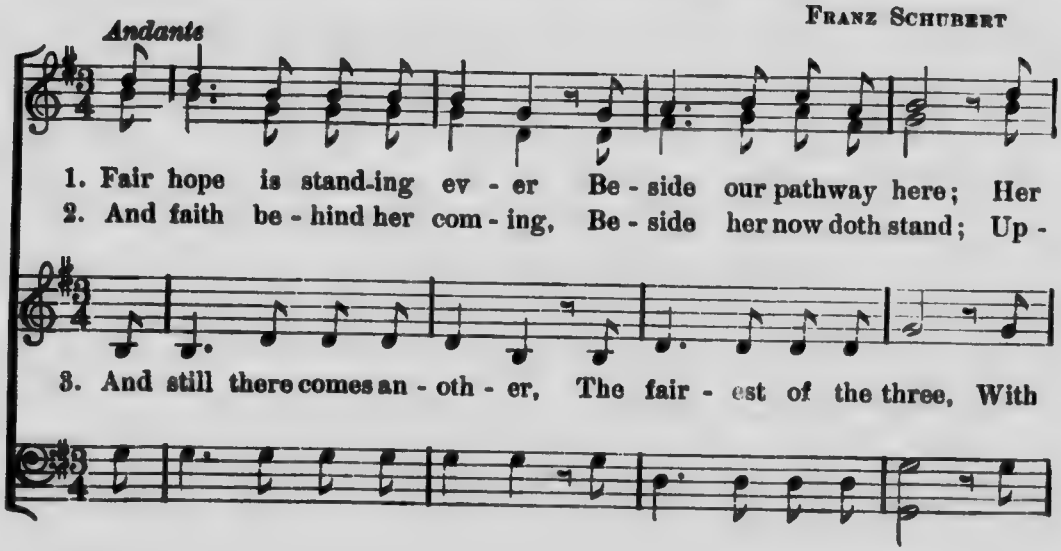
1. Float on, float on, my bon - ny bark, Up - on life's sil - v'ry stream, Nor
2. Float on, float on, we'll leave be- hind The dull and life - less shore, We'll

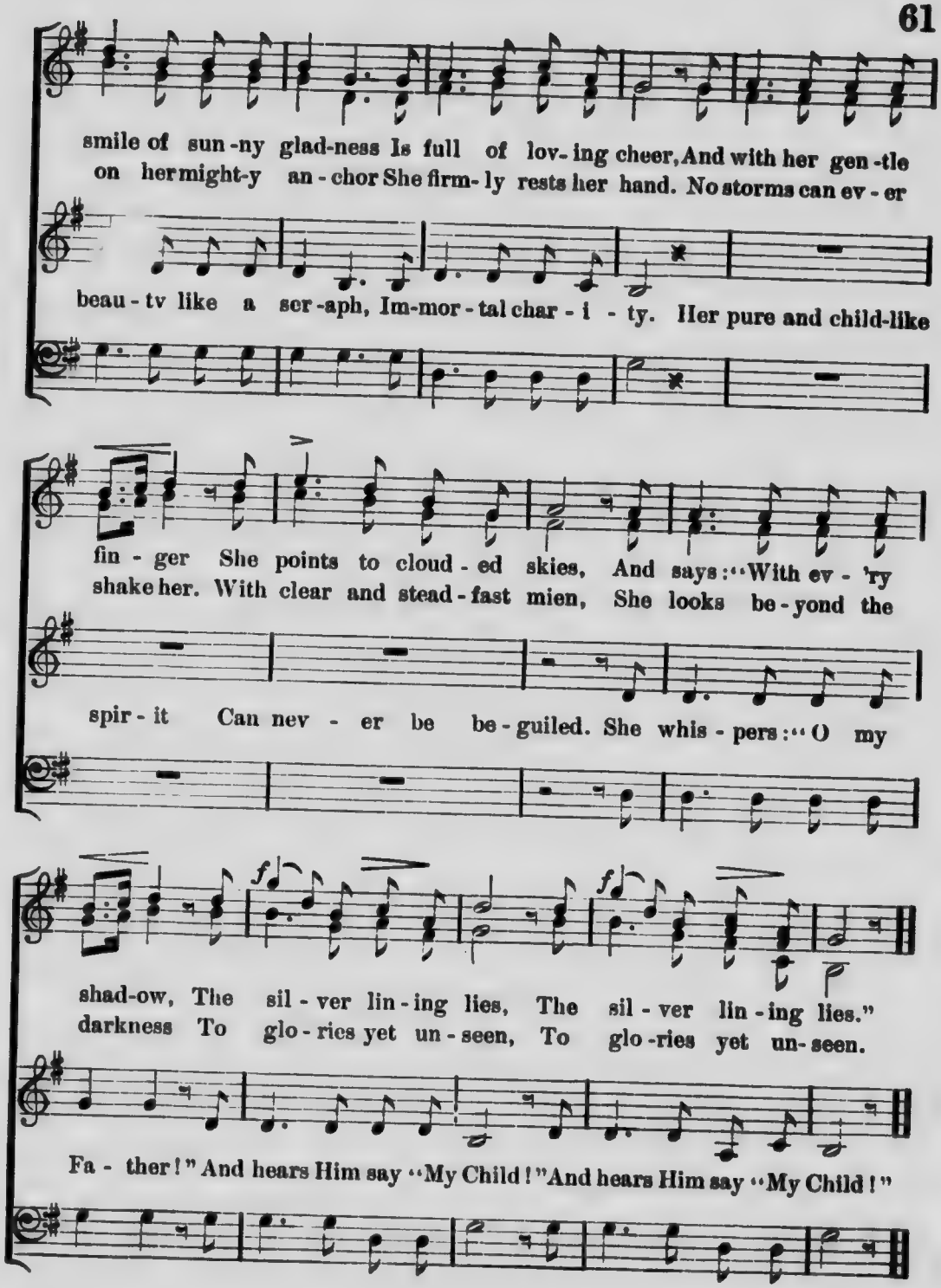
heed the louds that up - ward rise, The light-ning's fit - ful
ride the blue and storm - y deep, A - mid old o - ,cean's



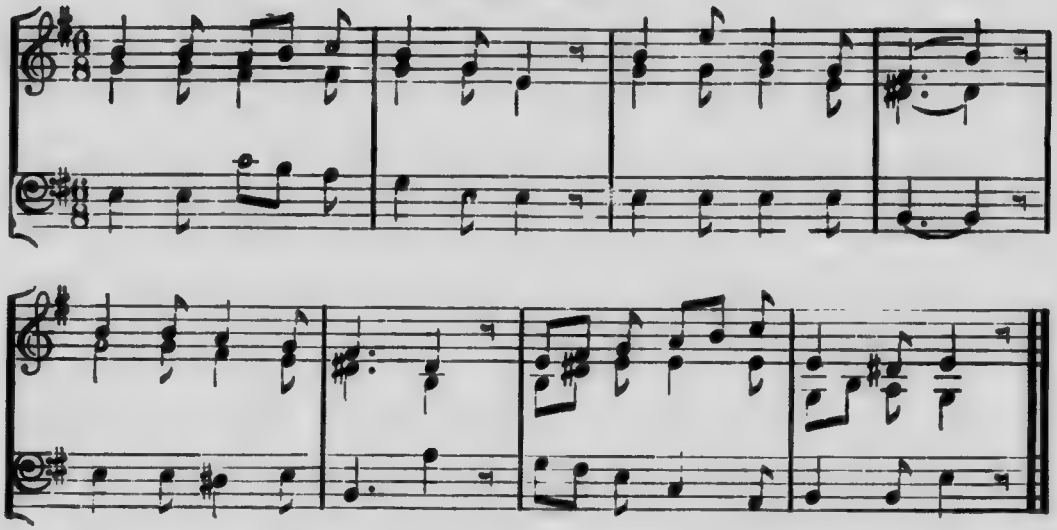
FAIR HOPE IS STANDING EVER

FRANZ SCHUBERT




smile of sun-ny glad-ness Is full of lov-ing cheer, And with her gen-tle
on her might-y an-chor She firm-ly rests her hand. No storms can ev-er
beau-ty like a ser-aph, Im-mor-tal char-i-ty. Her pure and child-like
fin-ger She points to cloud-ed skies, And says: "With ev-'ry
shake her. With clear and stead-fast mien, She looks be-yond the
spir-it Can nev-er be be-guiled. She whis-pers: "O my
shad-ow, The sil-ver lin-ing lies, The sil-ver lin-ing lies."
darkness To glo-ries yet un-seen, To glo-ries yet un-seen.
Fa-ther!" And hears Him say "My Child!" And hears Him say "My Child!"

SOLFEGGIO



WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION

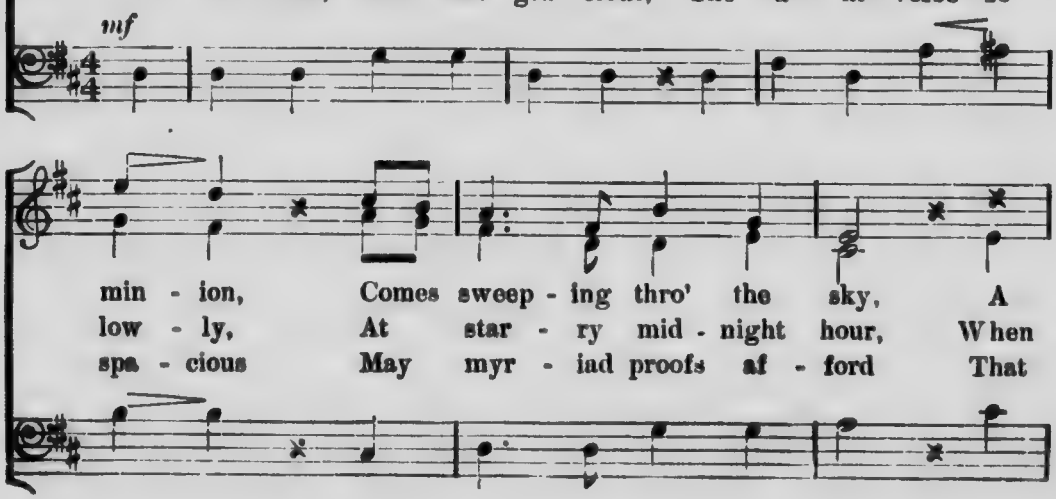
A. J. Foxwell — Moritz Hauptmann

Andante

mf

1. When night on dusk - y pin - ion, In - vad - ing day's do - min - ion, Comes sweep - ing thro' the sky, A
2. How gen - tle, pure, and ho - ly, The hush o'er spir - its low - ly, At star - ry mid - night hour, When
3. O Fa - ther, wise and gra - cious, The u - ni - verse so spa - cious May myr - iad proofs af - ford That

mf



A calm and brood-ing qui - et Suc -
When ra - diant orbs a - bove us, Like
That those are safe - ly guid - ed, With

calm and brood - ing qui - et Suc - ceeds life's rush and
ra - diant orbs a - bove us, Like eyes of those who
those are safe - ly guid - ed, With ev - 'ry good pro -

ceeds life's rush and ri - ot, The wel - come time of rest is nigh.
eyes of those who love us, Sweet streams of peace up - on us show'r.
ev - 'ry good pro - vid - ed, Who trust in Thee, Al - might - y God.

dim.

ri - ot, The wel - come time . . of rest is nigh.
love us, Sweet streams of peace . . up - on us show'r.
vid - ed, Who trust in Thee, . . Al - might - y God.

April, '37

WORK AND BE JOYFUL

F. T. Palgrave

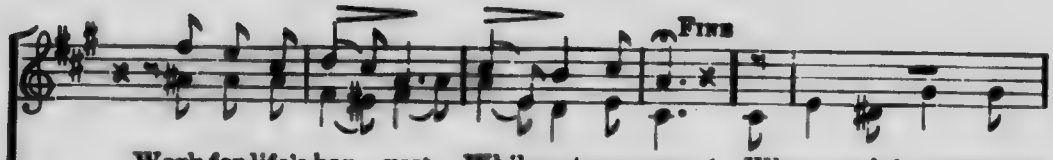
Allegretto

Charles E. Whiting

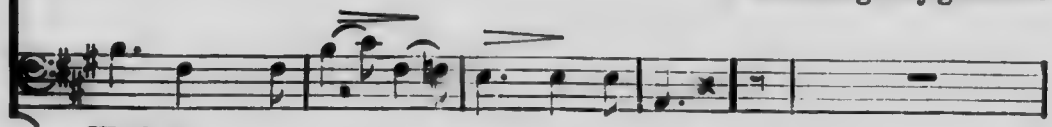
f

Work and be joy - ful! Work's light, When hearts are gay.

f

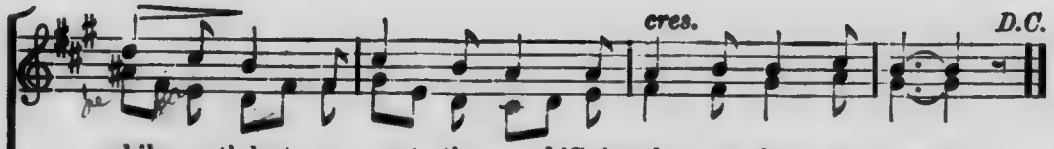


Work for life's har - vest, While yet you may 1. When earth is moist with
2. Fresh dews and sunshine
3. In Au-tumn days the
4. With song they guide the



Work for

Spring's first rain, In fur - row'd fields they strew the grain; So
bless the field, Their crops the crum-bling fur - rows yield; So
corn they reap, With sheaves the la - b'ring wain they heap. So
creak- ing wain; With song, with mirth they stow the grain. Be



while youth lasts we cast the seed 'Gainst la - ter days of need.
wis- dom grows thro' smiles, thro' tears, By pro- cess of the years.
life when ri - p'ning years are past, Its har- vest reaps at last.
ours with joy what -e'er be - tide, Life's har - vest home to bide.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Moderato

Scotch Folk Song

1. Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne, And it's oh, in my heart that I wish him safe at home.

2. Oh where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh, in my heart that I love my lad - die well.

3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup - pose, that your High-land lad should die! The bag-pipes would play o'er him, I'd sit me down and cry, And it's oh, in my heart that I wish he may not die.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

Moderato — Scotch Folk Song

1. Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind?
2. We two ha'e run a - bout the braes And pu'd the gow-ans fine;
3. And there's a hand, my trust - y friend; Wilt gi'es a hand o' thine?

Should old ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
We've wan-dered mon-y a wea - ry bit In days of auld lang syne.
We'll take a richt gude wil -lie-waught For days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my friends, we meet, For days of auld lang syne;

We'll have a thought of kind - ness yet, For days of auld lang syne.

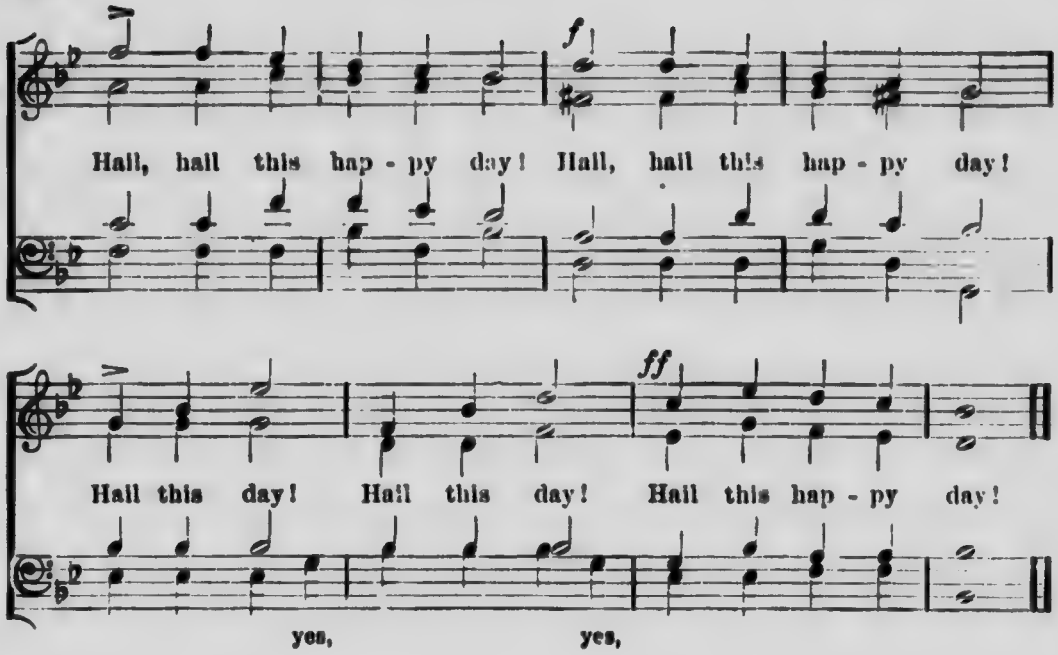
JOY IS WARBLING

A la polka

FRANZ OTTO

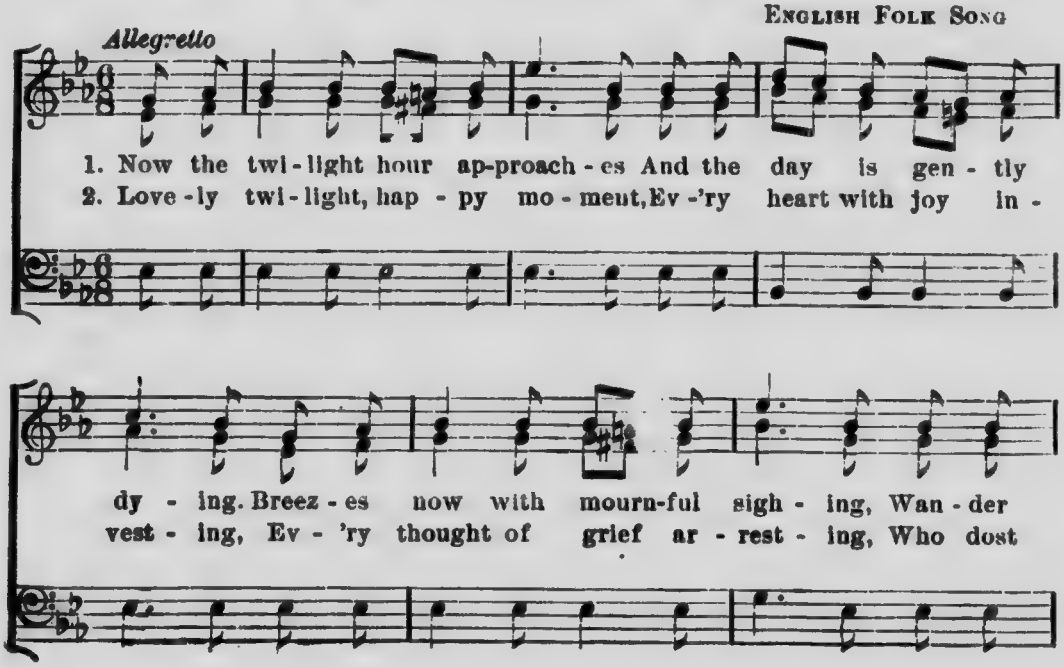
1. Joy is warbling in the breezes, Pleasures smile a - long the fields, While na - ture clad in robes of beau-ty, All that's sweet and love - ly yields.
2. Humming bees and sail - ing swallows Gai - ly tell the love-ly glee That na - ture's now so kind - ly shedding O - ver all the eye can see.
3. Bloom-ing flow'rs, their sweets exhal- ing, Join to make the charming scene Ap- pear still more like hap - py E - den, Ere the blight of hu - man sin.

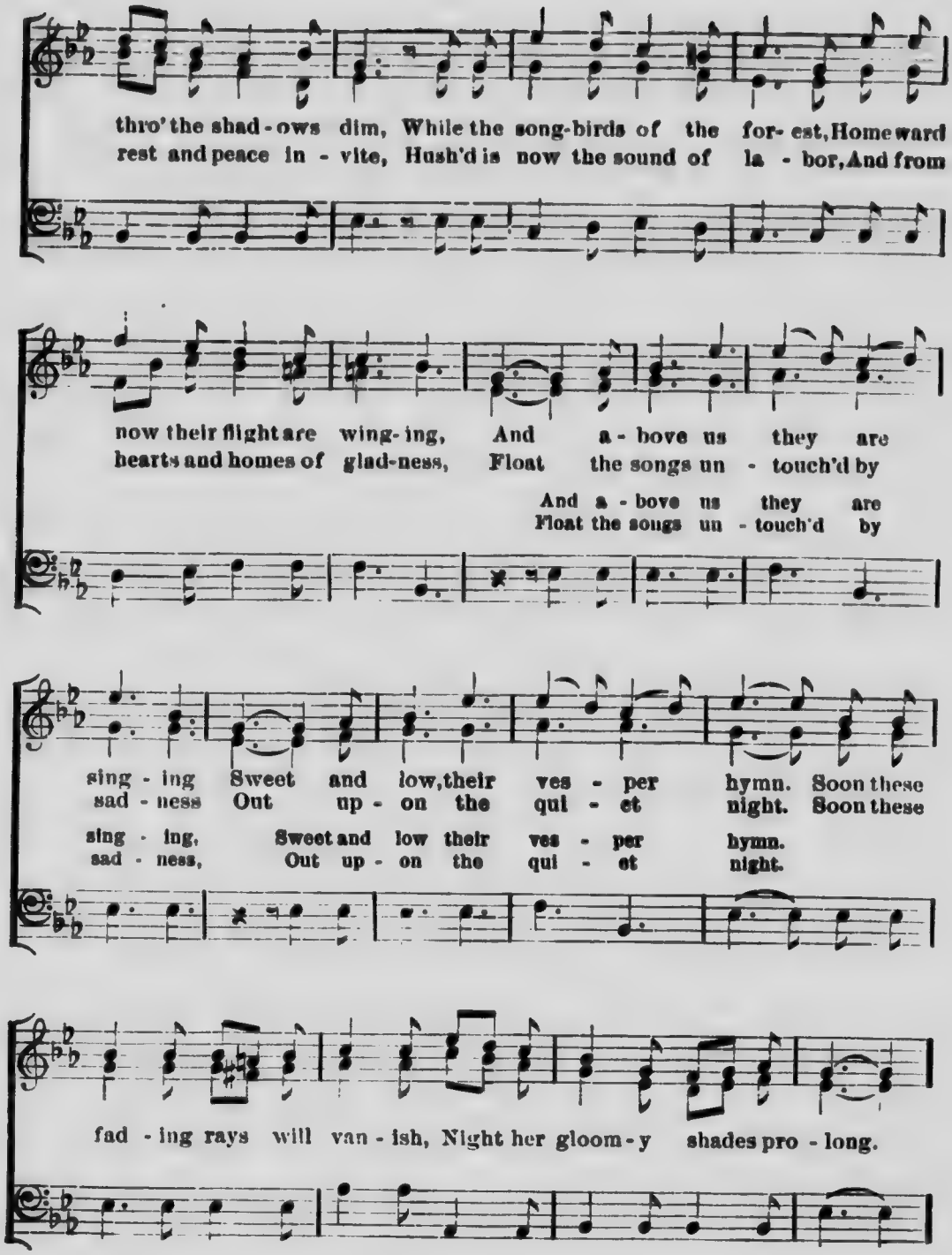
Heav'n now sheds its mild - est splendor O'er the land and o'er the deep; See, all en - joy the com - mon pleasure, While in hap - py crowds they sweep.
Wel - come! says the flock that's feed-ing On the ver- dant grass-y hills, And Wel - come! ech -oes many a songster, Chirp ing round the rip - pling rills.
Glad we hail thee, love - ly Spring-time, Welcome tru - ly is thy smile. Oh would that all like thee were love- ly, Free from woe and free from guile!



NOW THE TWILIGHT HOUR APPROACHES

English Folk Song




thro' the shad - ows dim, While the song-birds of the for- est, Homeward
rest and peace in - vite, Hush'd is now the sound of la - bor, And from
now their flight are wing- ing, And a - bove us they are
hearts and homes of glad-ness, Float the songs un - touch'd by
And a - bove us they are
Float the songs un - touch'd by
sing - ing Sweet and low, their ves - per hymn. Soon these
sad - ness Out up - on the qui - et night. Soon these
sing - ing, Sweet and low their ves - per hymn.
sad - ness, Out up - on the qui - et night.
fad - ing rays will van - ish, Night her gloom - y shades pro - long.

We sing, . we sing, . . .

We sing, we sing, we sing our eve-ning song;

We sing our eve - ning song, We sing our eve - ning song.

REJOICE, REJOICE!

CHARLES E. WHITING

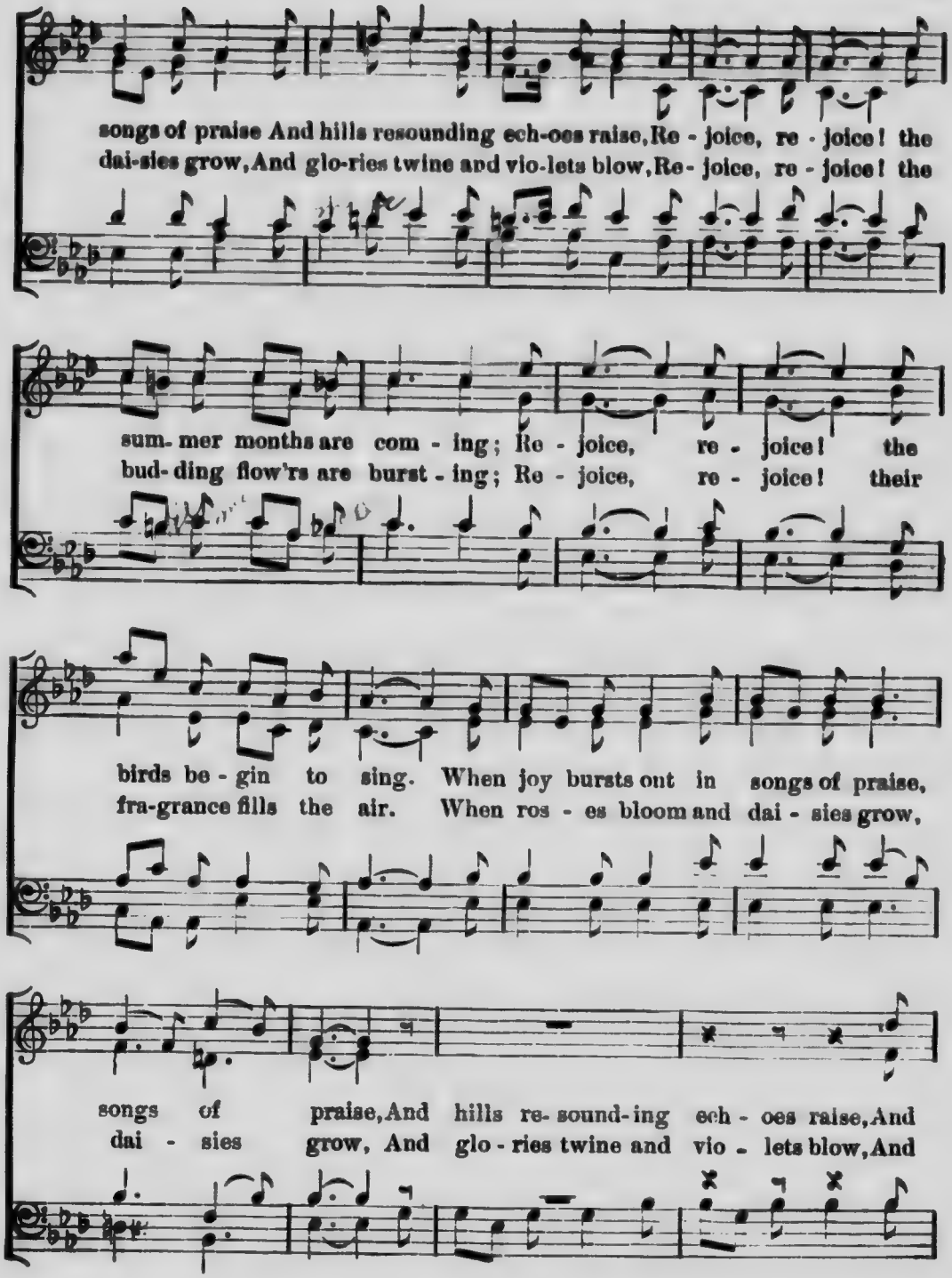
April 11, 1932

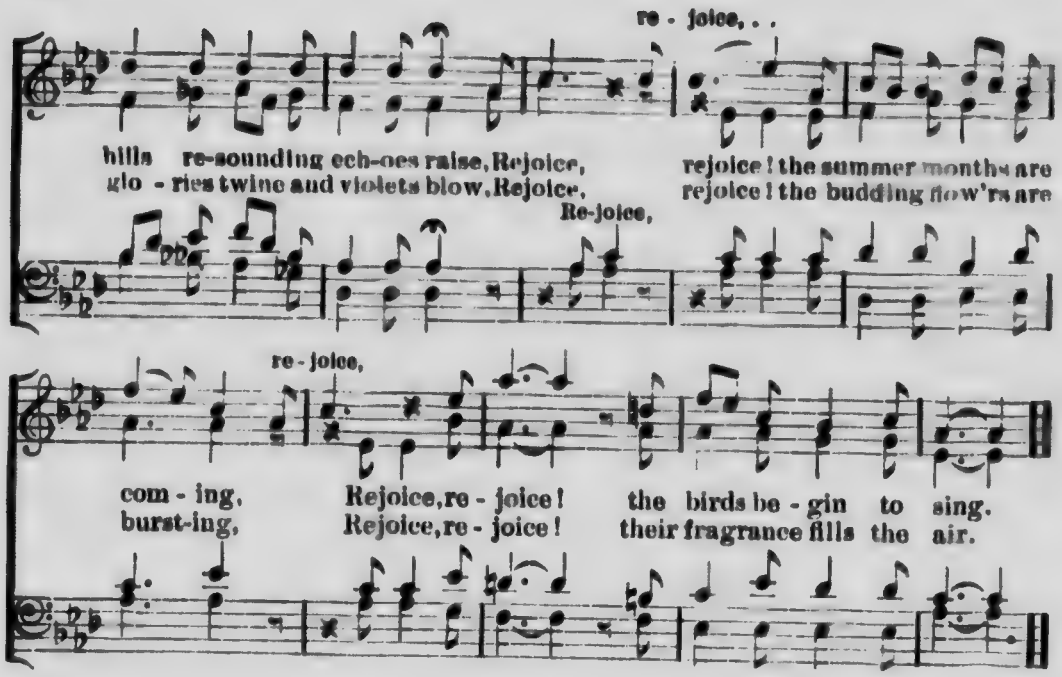
Re - joice, . . re - joice! . . Re -

1. Re- joice, re- joice! the sum-mer months are com - ing;
2. Re- joice, re- joice! the bud-ding flow'rs are burst- ing;

joice, . . re - joice! . .

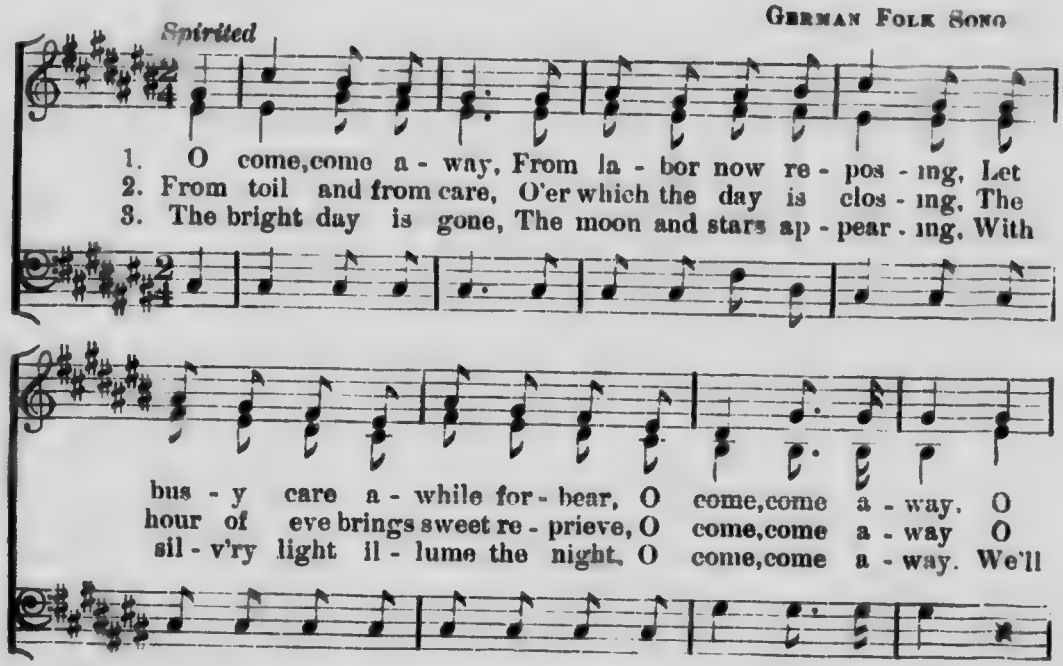
Re-joice, re-joice! the birds be- gin to sing. When joy bursts out in
Re-joice, re-joice! their fragrance fills the air. When ros - es bloom and

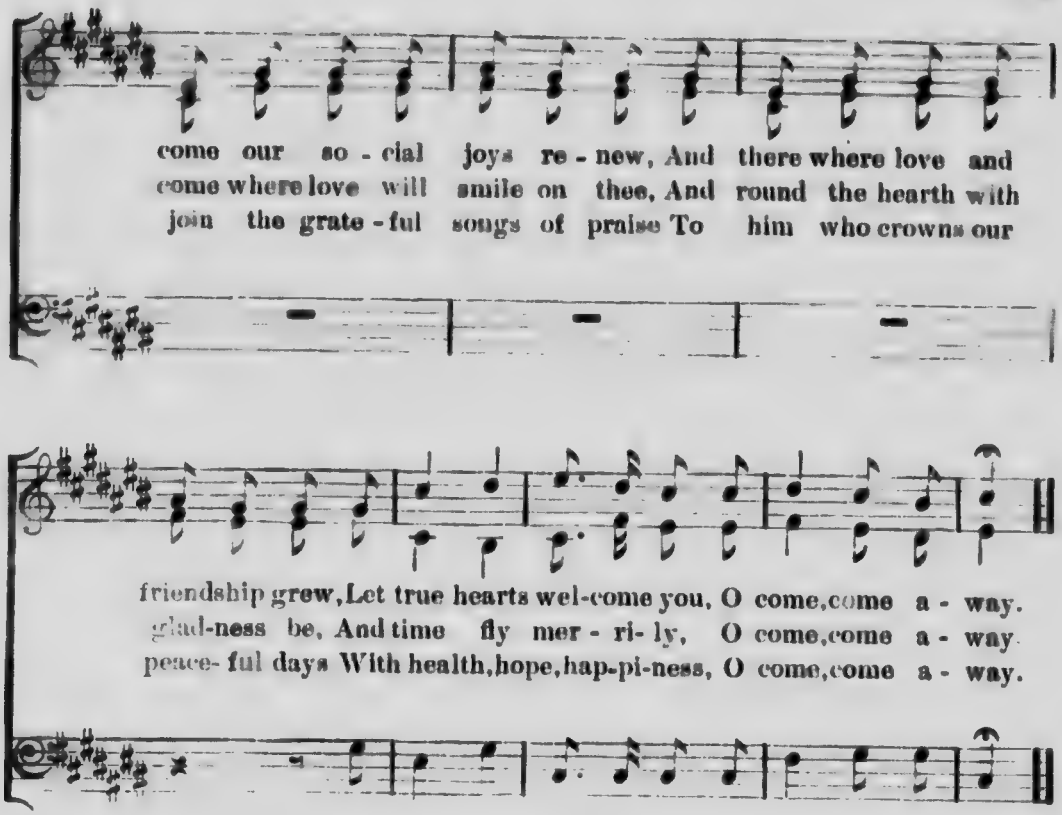

songs of praise And hills resounding ech-oes raise, Re - joice, re - joice! the
dai-sies grow, And glo-ries twine and vio-lets blow, Re- joice, re - joice! the
sum- mer months are com - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! the
bud- ding flow'rs are burst - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! their
birds be - gin to sing. When joy bursts out in songs of praise,
fra-grance fills the air. When ros - es bloom and dai - sies grow,
songs of praise, And hills re- sound- ing ech - oes raise, And
dai - sies grow, And glo - ries twine and vio - lets blow, And



O COME, COME AWAY

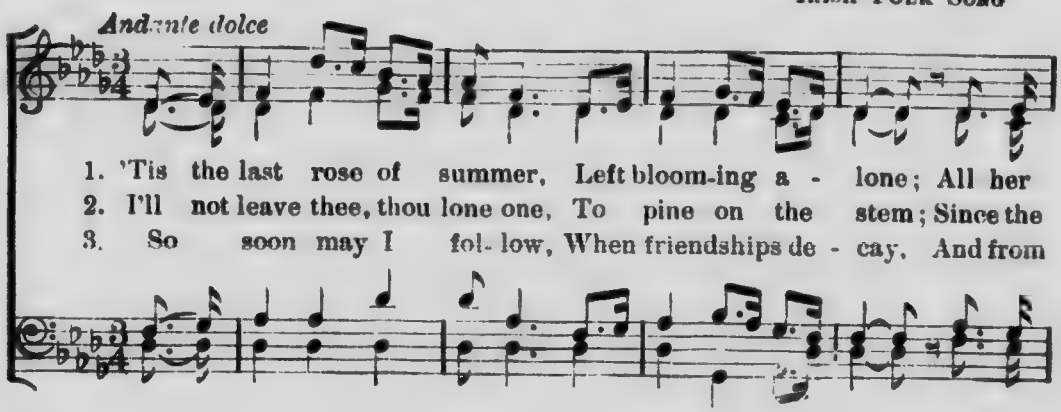
German Folk Song

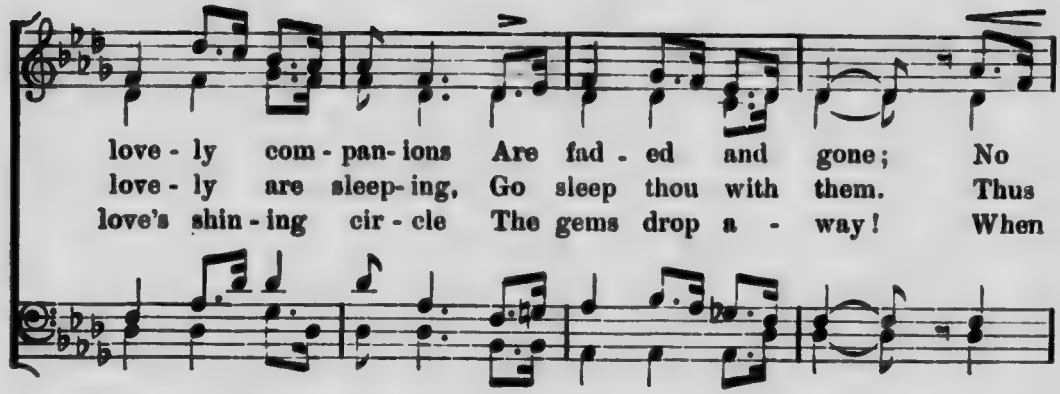


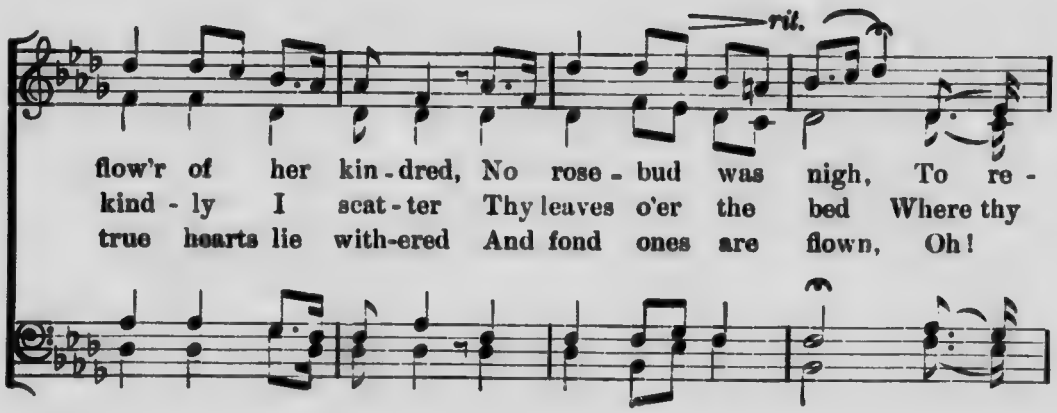


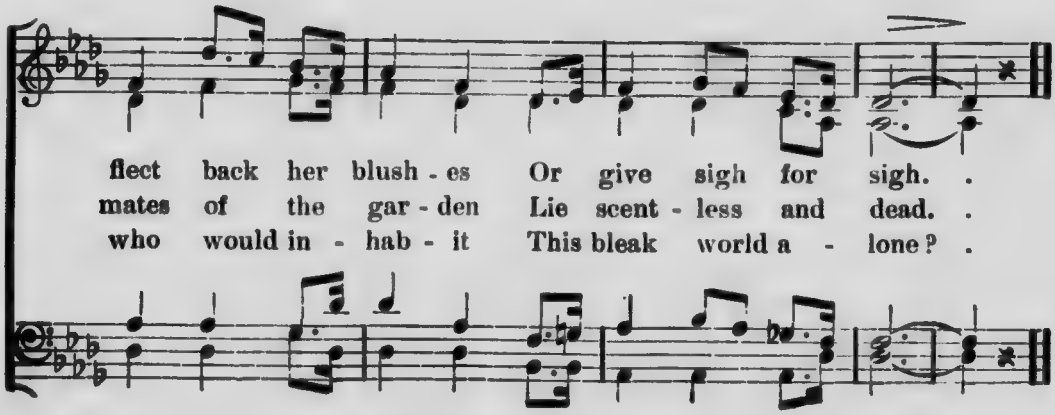
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

IRISH FOLK SONG




love - ly com - pan- ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
love - ly are sleep- ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus
love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When


rit.
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud was nigh, To re -
kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
true hearts lie with-ered And fond ones are flown, Oh!


flect back her blush - es Or give sigh for sigh.
mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

GENTLE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN

CHARLES AUSELD

Moderato

1. Gen - tle spring is here a - gain, Bring-ing mirth and glad - ness;
2. Years a - go her gen - tle voice Filled my heart with pleas - ure,
3. All a - lone she calm - ly sleeps, Un - der-neath the wil - low,

And the sing - ing birds have come, Chas - ing gloom and sad - ness;
And life's lot was full of joy, With this sin - gle treas - ure;
And the hare-bells mute - ly weep, Tears up - on her pil - low;

But my heart is sad and lone, Tho' the win - try days have flown,
But no joy earth now can give, Tempt-ing with the wish to live,
But her face still bright - ly beams, Com - ing to me in my dreams,

For I miss the love - ly tone, Which could bring it glad - ness.
And I lin - ger but to grieve For the dear lost treas - ure.
Like an an - gel's still it seems, Bend-ing o'er my pil - low.

HOURS OF EVENING

SICILIAN FOLK SONG

Slowly

1. Hours of eve - ning calm and love - ly, Twi-light songs so soft and clear,
2. Hymns as-cend - ing, voi - ces blend-ing, There join an-gels songs of praise;

3. Stars of night so bright a - bove me, Shin-ing as from realms of bliss,

All to sol-emn rap - ture move me, Earth re - cedes and heav'n is near.
Here in rapt de - vo - tion bend-ing, Tho'ts se - rene to heav'n we raise.

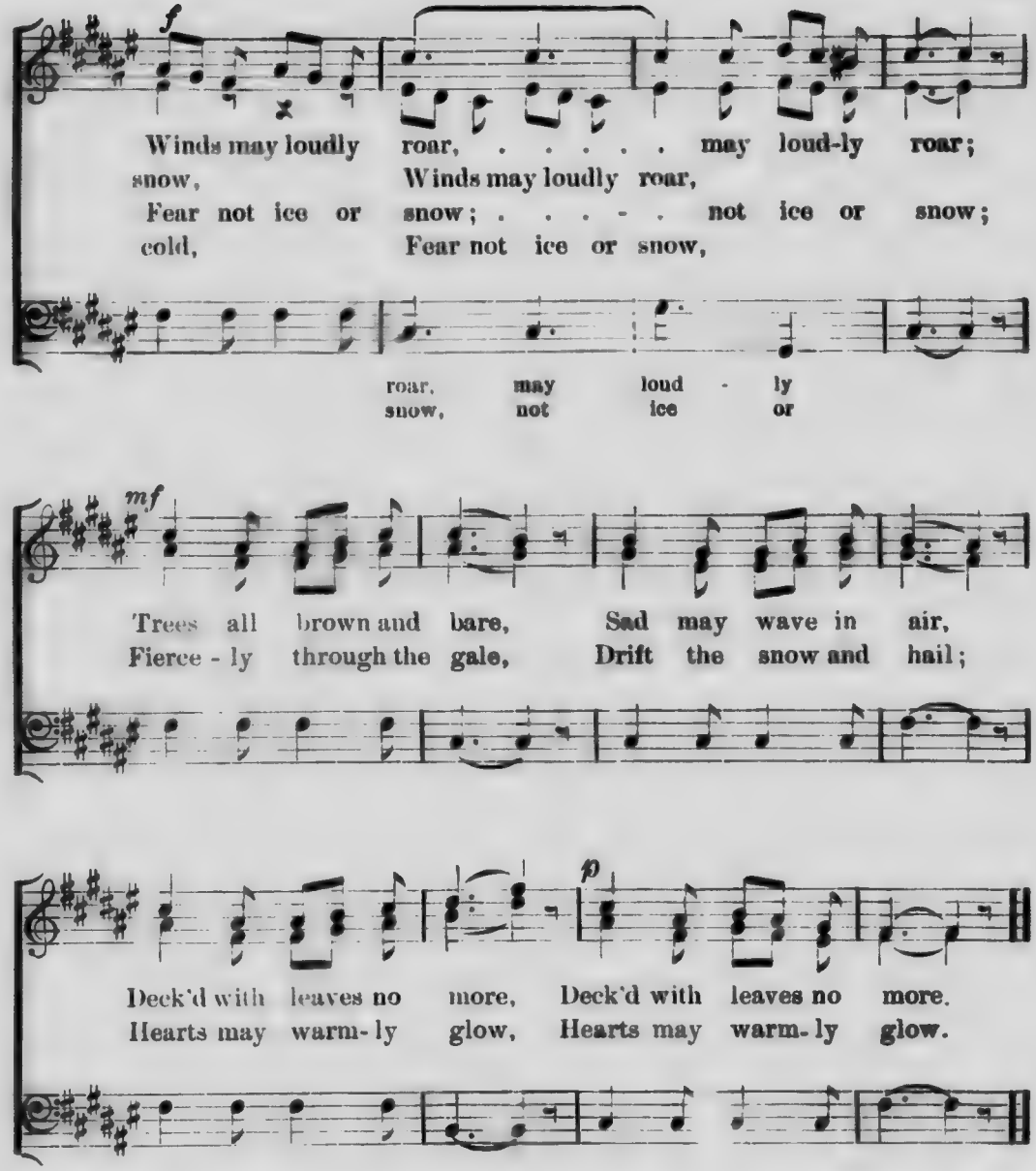
Light my way to those who love me, Now in fair - er worlds than this.

COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW

GERMAN FOLK SONG

mf Moderato

1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the snow,
1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the
2. Bo - soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or cold,
2. Bo-soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or



3 When in school we meet,
Looks of welcome greet
Each from smiling eyes;
When our teachers dear
Give us words of cheer,
What are wintry skies?

4 Come, then, rain or hail!
Come, then, storm or gale!
Glad to school we'll go.
Bosoms firm and bold
Shrink not from the cold,
Fear not ice or snow.

ON FOOT I GAILY TAKE MY WAY

FRANZ ABT

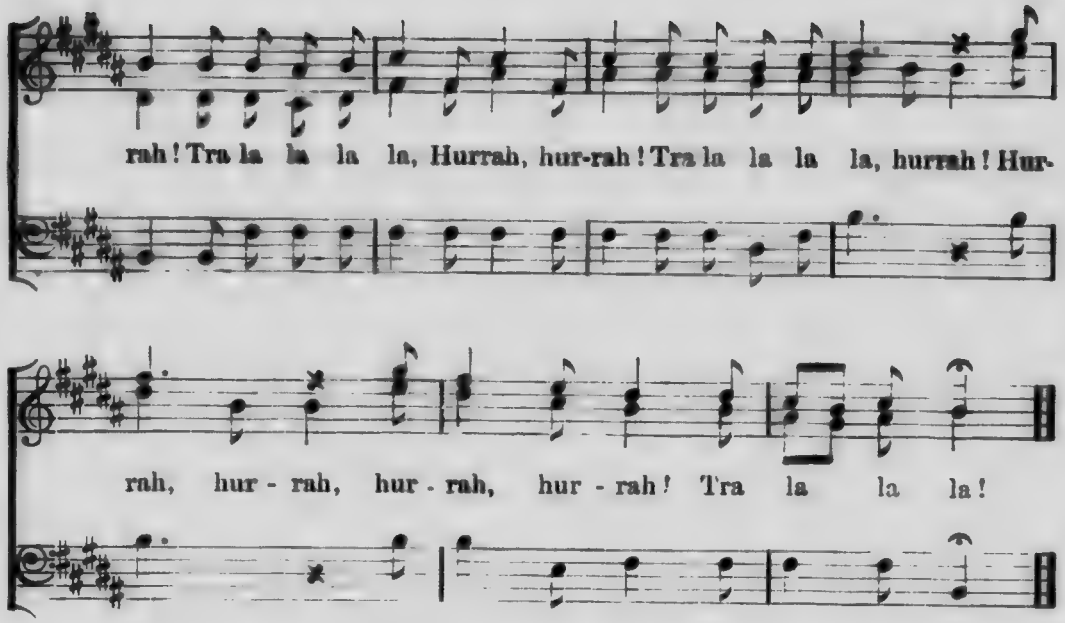
Allegretto

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Hur- rah, hur- rah, hur- rah! O'er
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hur- rah, hur- rah, hur- rah! At
3. Foot - trav -el to the gay is sweet, Hur- rah, hur- rah, hur- rah! But

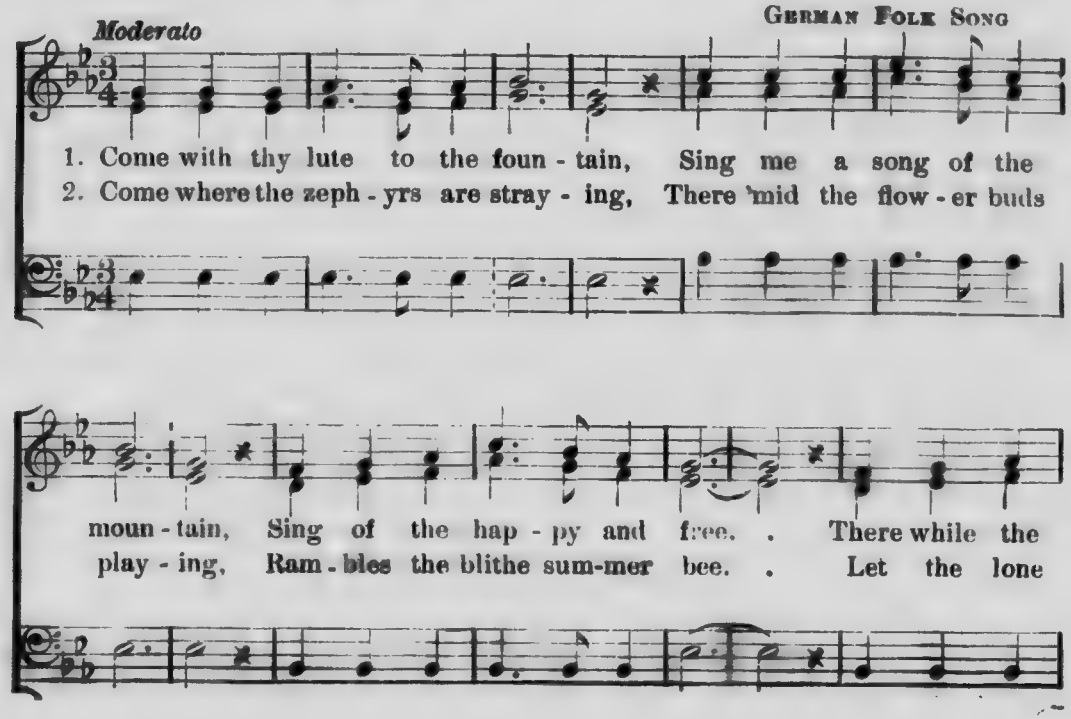
mountains bare and mead- ows gay, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! And
ev - 'ry step to pause and sigh, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! No
heav-y hearts make heav - y feet, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! The

he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er trav-'ling mate may find, He
gloom- y mate to scowl and groan, And o - ver oth - ers' sins to moan, I'd
man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev -er peeps be-hind for night, That

can - not go with me, He can - not go with me, Hur - rah, hur -
rath - er trudge a - lone, I'd rath - er trudge a - lone, Hur - rah, hur -
is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hur - rah, hur -



COME WITH THY LUTE



day is de - clin - ing, While its last ros - es are shin - ing,
churl in his sor - row, He who de - spairs of the mor - row,

Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be, ... Un - der the
Far to his sol - i - tude flee, ... Un - der the

Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,
Far to his sol - i - tude flee,

broad
dark

Un - der the broad
Un - der the dark

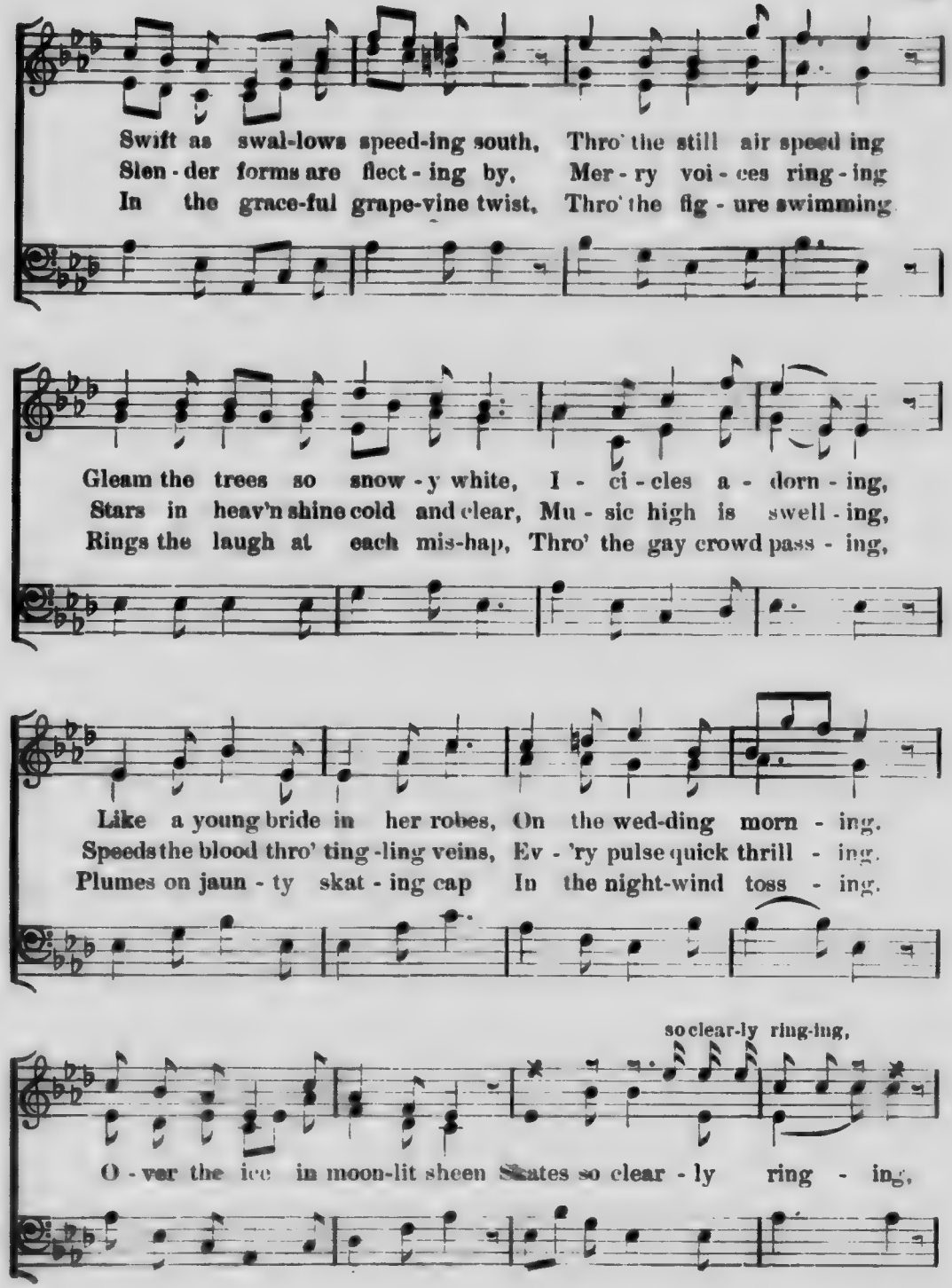
Un - der the lin - den tree, Un - der the lin - den tree.
Un - der the cy - press tree, Un - der the cy - press tree.

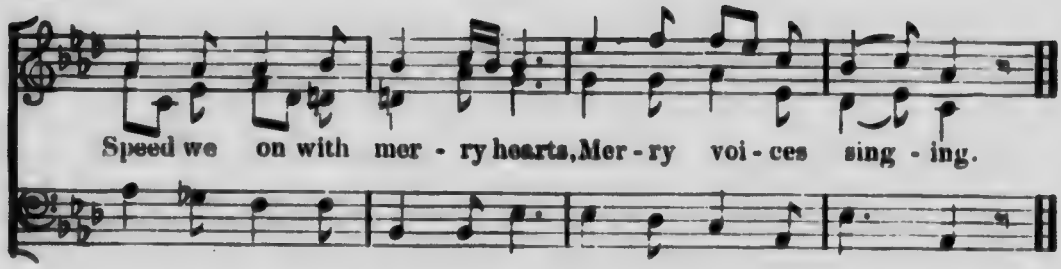
O'ER THE ICE

CHARLES E. WHITING

Spiritoso

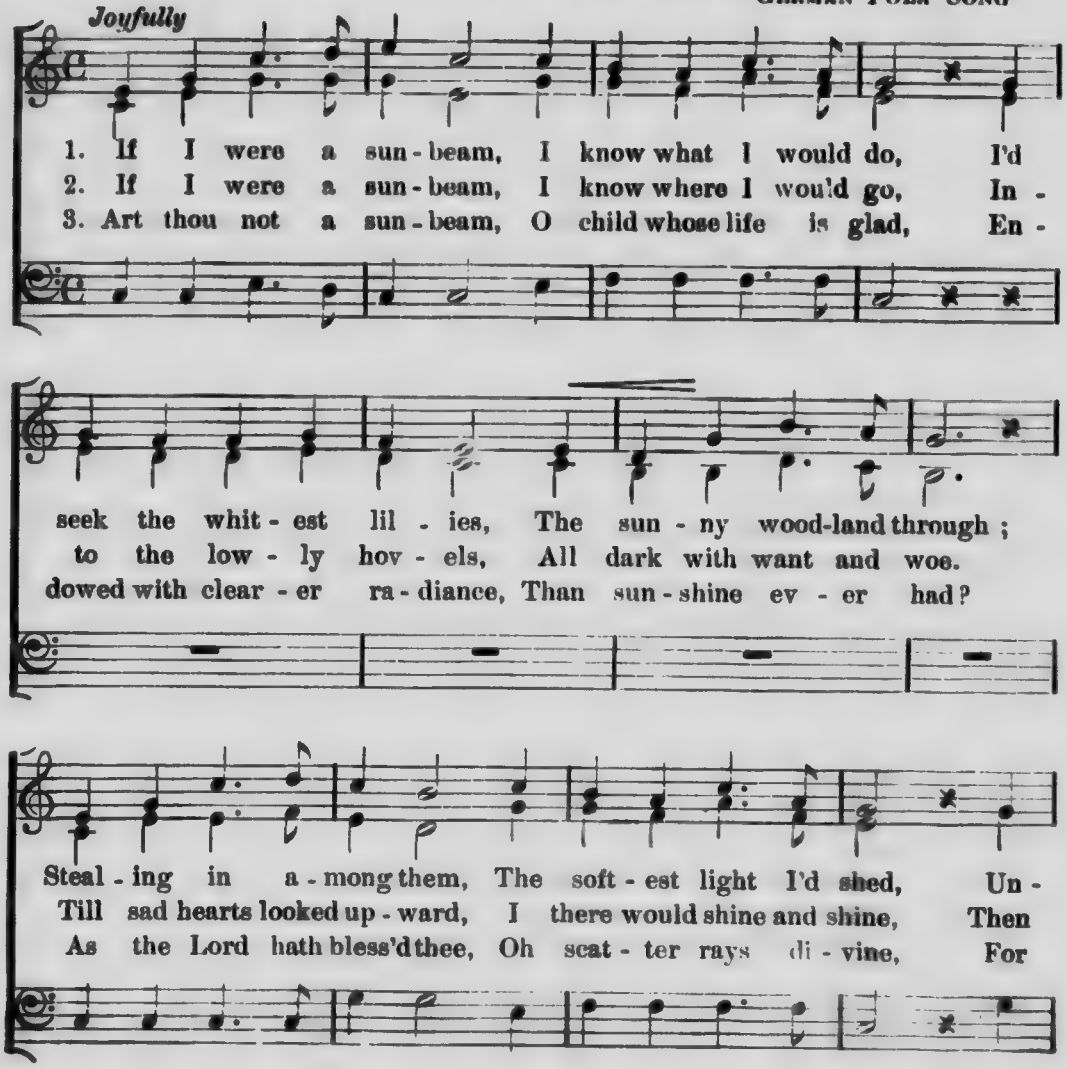
1. O'er the ice in moonlight sheen, Fast the skates are ring-ing,
2. Eyes shine bright thro' win - ter's night, Ring-lets free are fling-ing,
3. Cir - cling in the de - vious maze, Fast and fair are skimming,

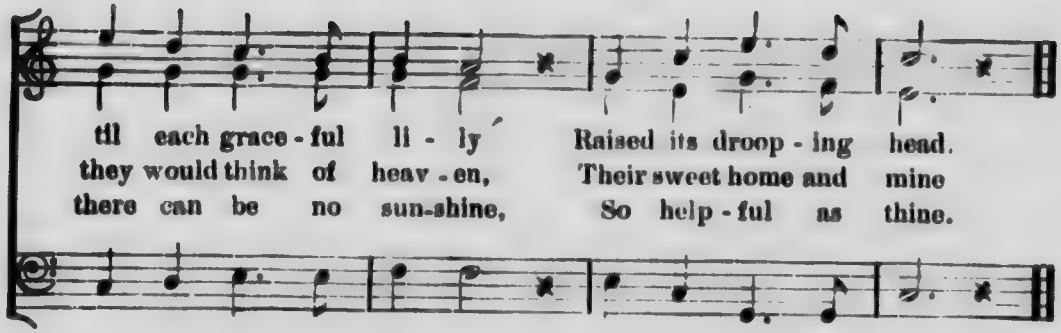

Swift as swal-lows speed-ing south, Thro' the still air speed ing
Sien - der forms are flect - ing by, Mer - ry voi - ces ring - ing
In the grace-ful grape-vine twist, Thro' the fig - ure swimming
Gleam the trees so snow - y white, I - ci - cles a - dorn - ing,
Stars in heav'n shine cold and clear, Mu - sic high is swell - ing,
Rings the laugh at each mis-hap, Thro' the gay crowd pass - ing,
Like a young bride in her robes, On the wed-ding morn - ing.
Speeds the blood thro' ting -ling veins, Ev - 'ry pulse quick thrill - ing.
Plumes on jaun - ty skat - ing cap In the night-wind toss - ing.
so clear-ly ring-ing,
O - ver the ice in moon-lit sheen Skates so clear - ly ring - ing,



IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

GERMAN FOLK SONG

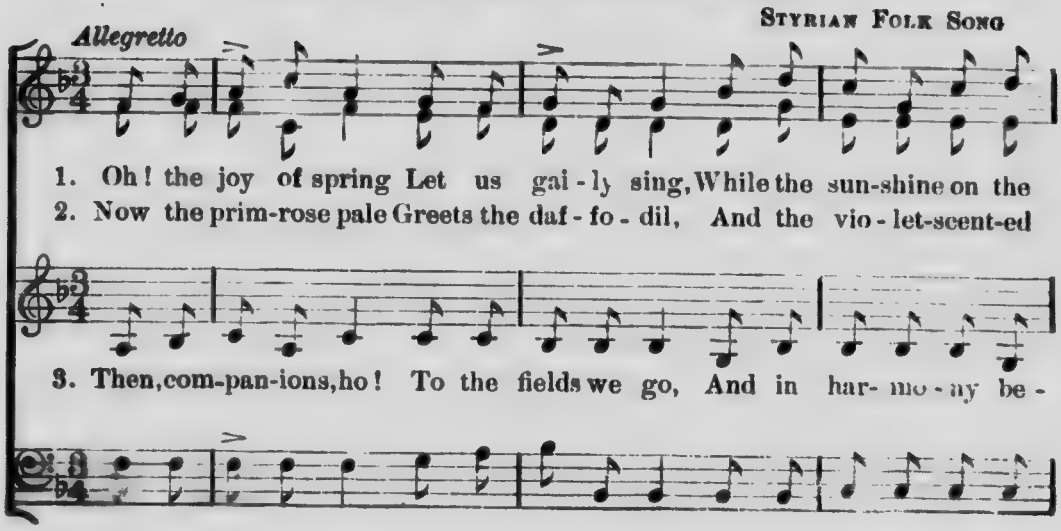




SOLFEGGIO

OH THE JOY OF SPRING

STYRIAN FOLK SONG



mead is bright; While the lambkins play, And the earth is gay And all
air is sweet; Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a mel - o - dy, Sing - ing

guile the hours. Now in soft - est trill, Now in mu - sic shrill, Shall our

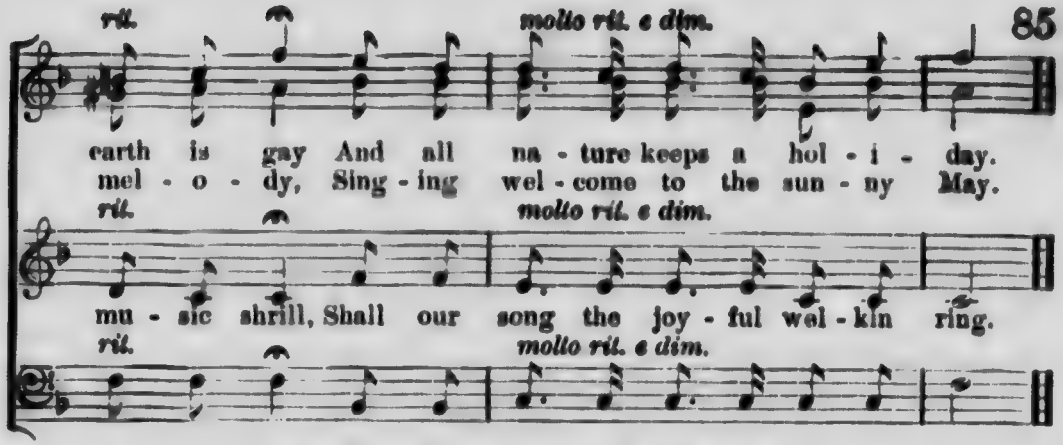
nature keeps a hol - i - day. La la la la la la la la la la la la
welcome to the sun-ny May. La la la la la la la la la la la la

song the joy - ful wel-kin ring. La la la la la la la la la la la la

dim. *f*

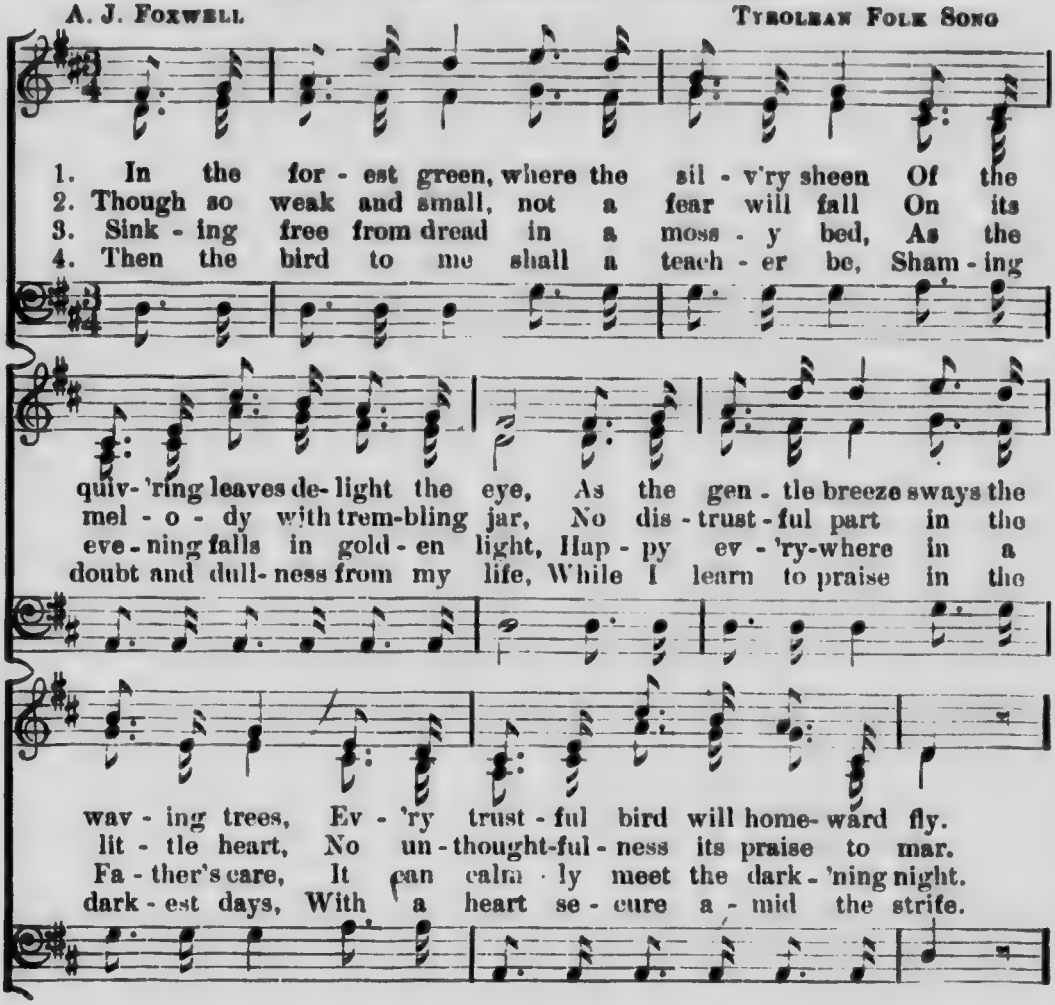
la la la la la la la. While the lamb-kins play, And the
la la la la la la la. Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a

la la la la la la la. Now in soft - est trill, Now in



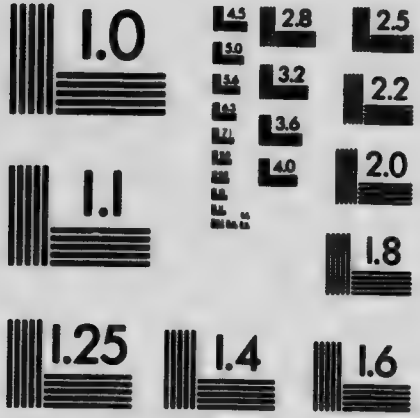
IN THE FOREST GREEN

A. J. Foxwell — Tyrolean Folk Song



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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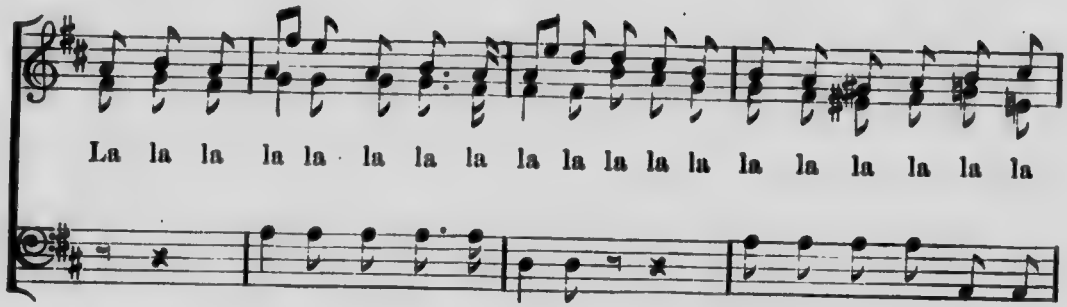
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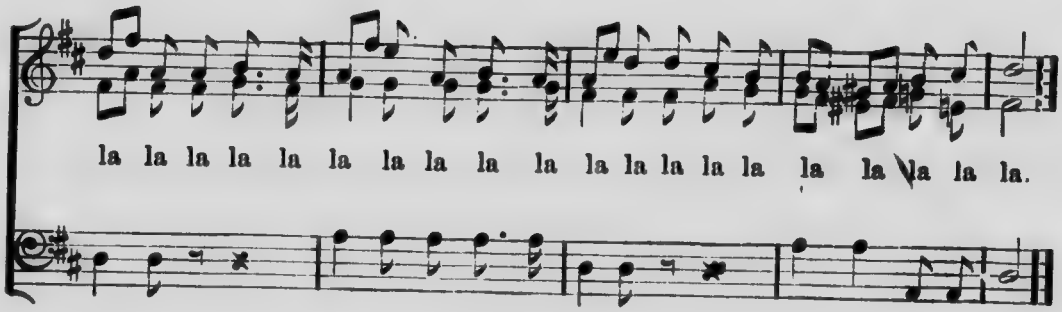
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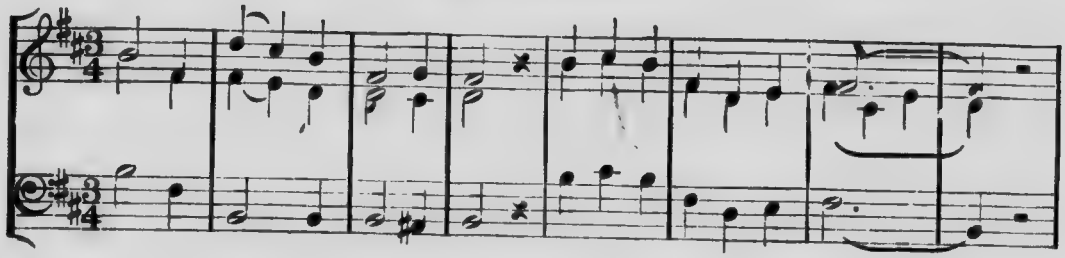

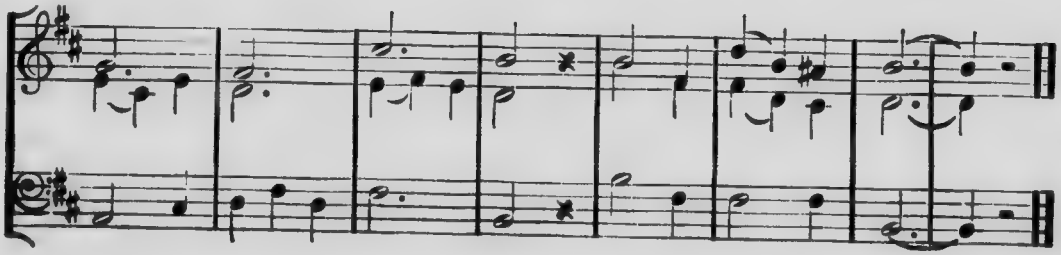

TRIP IT LIGHTLY

Sprightly

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. Trip it light-ly a-long, Sing-ing gai-ly a song,
2. Hap-py, hap-py are we! Full of bright-ness and glee,
3 Not a sor-row or care, Not a troub-le we wear,

Keeping meas-ure, you know, As to-geth-er we go.
As the birds are that sing On the bright days of Spring,
And we fear not a foe, But en-joy as we go,

Trip it light-ly, sing-ing gai-ly, Keeping meas-ure as we go.
Hap-py, hap-py, full of brightness, As the birds are in the spring.
Not a sor-row or a troub-le, And we fear not a-ny foe.

BABY CLOSE THINE EYES

W. F. Sudds
Arranged by C. E. W.

Moderato p

Soprano and Alto

1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and
2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the
3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

Alto-Tenor

1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and
2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the
3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

Tenor and Bass

watches keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Qui-v'ring sighs and,
num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad-ows
forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in

watch-es keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Quiv-'ring sighs and
num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad - ows
forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in

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sobs so deep. While I my song and watch - es keep,
of the deep.
still - ness deep.

sobs so deep. While I my song and watch-es keep,
of the deep.
still - ness deep.

Ba - by, close thine eyes . . . . in sleep. . . . . .

dim. *pp*

Ba - - by, close thine eyes in sleep, thine eyes in sleep

Ba - - by, close thine eyes, close thine eyes in sleep.

in sleep.

SOLFEGGIO

HOPE TAKES THE SOUL

FRANZ ABT

Moderato
mf

1. Hope takes the soul to mead - ows fair, In
2. As chil - dren fair they gen - tly play A -

to mead ows fair,
they gen - tly play,

green - est ver - dure dressed, Dis-pell -ing all the grief and
round thine ach - ing brow, And all thy sor-rows waft a -

in ver dure dressed,
thine ach ing brow;

care . . . . . That once the heart op-pressed.
way; . . . . . They're gone, thou know'st not how.

the grief and care, That
Waft a - way, They're

the heart op -
thou know'st not

(1 & 2) Why in this town's con-tract - ed space Our life in

press'd.
how.

Why in this town's con - tract - ed

sor - row waste? Oh come, 'Neath wav - ing trees, oh

space Our life in sor - row waste? Come, come,

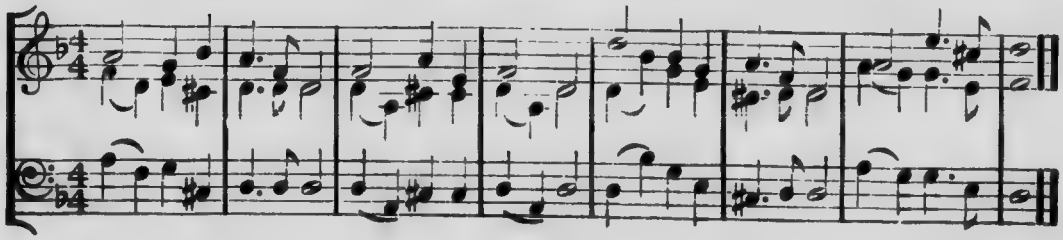
choose thy place And sooth - ing breez - es taste, 'Neath

and sooth - ing breez - es

wav - ing trees, oh choose thy place And sooth - ing breez-es taste!

taste, Come, choose

SOLFEGGIO



WHEN THE JOYS OF SUMMER

German Folk Song

Allegretto

1. When the joys of the sum - mer are things of the past, Like the
2. Then the earth of its plen - ty a - bun- dant - ly yields, There is
3. Now with scar - let and pur - ple the woods are a - flame, And the

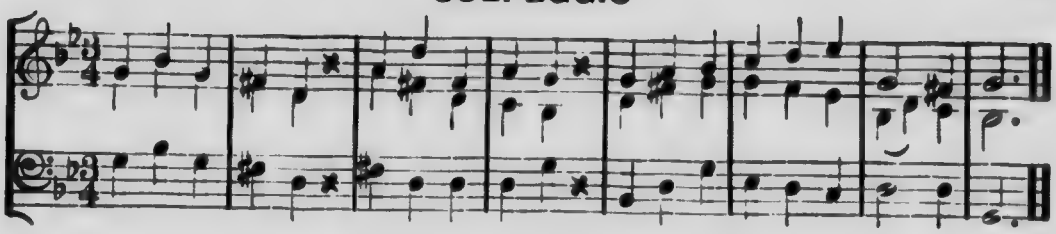
beau - ties of Spring-time, too fra - gile to last, The glo - ries of
joy in the vil - lage and mirth in the fields, The reap - ers work
wild fruits the boun - ty of na - ture pro - claim, Wher-ev - er we

Au - tumn to charm us ap - pear, For Au- tumn, glow-ing
gai - ly the val - leys to clear, For Au- tumn, glow-ing
wan -der some pleas - ure is near, For Au- tumn, glow-ing

p *rit.*

Au - tumn, is the crown of the year, crown of the year.
is the

SOLFEGGIO



WHILE I AM WANDERING

SWABIAN FOLK SONG

SOPRANO

mf

1 While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly

2. Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

ALTO AND ALTO-TENOR

mf

1. While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly

2 Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

BASS

mf

p sempre cres. e legato.

s... ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain

turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye

p sempre cres. e legato.

saun - ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain

turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye

p sempre cres. e legato.

Al-ways winds back a- gain, Back to my love, Winds back to my
Can yon white cot-tage spy, There dwells my love, There, there dwells my

Al-ways winds back a- gain, Back to my love, Winds back to my
Can yon white cot-tage spy, There dwells my love, There, there dwells my

love. La, la, la, la, la la, . . . la, la,

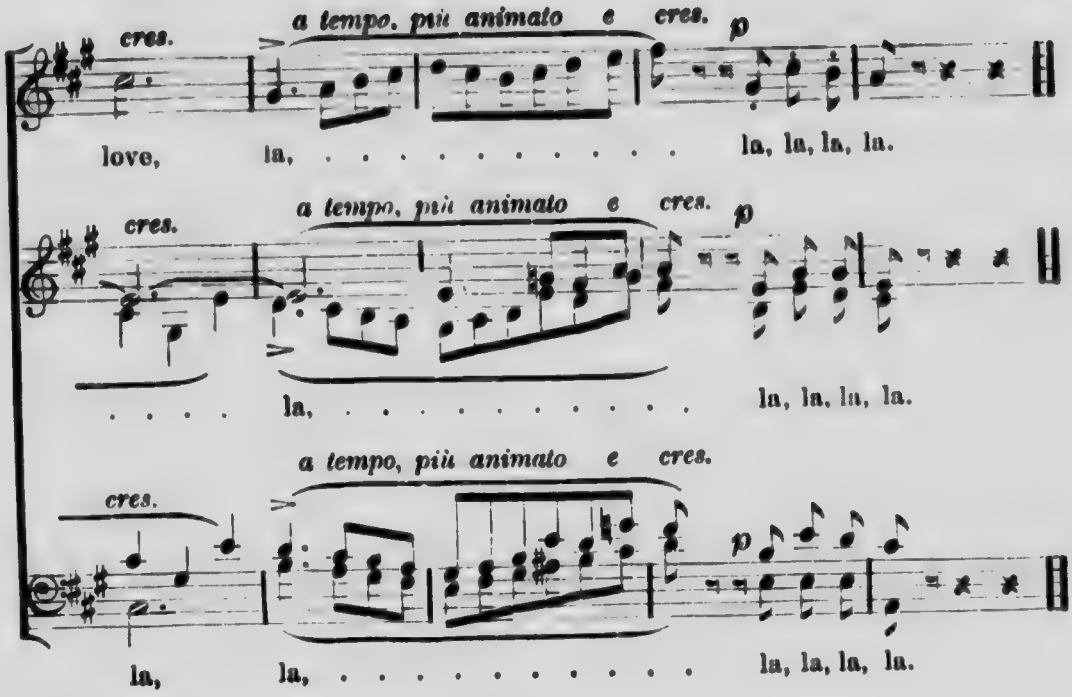
love. La, la, la, la, la, la, . . la, la,

love. La, la, ... la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Back to my
There dwells my

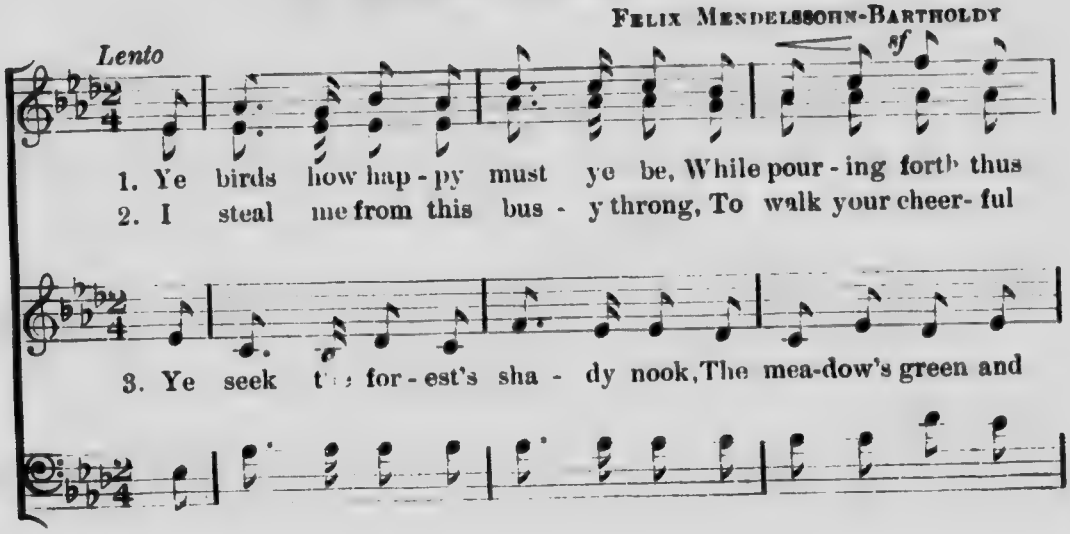
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, ...

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, ...



YE BIRDS HOW HAPPY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



p

mer - ri - ly Your morn-ing hymns of glad - ness, Your morn-ing hymns of
haunts a-mong, My heart will e'er be yearn - ing, My heart will e'er be

p

rip-pling brook, Ye fly from hu-man dwell - ing, Ye fly from hu - man

p

cres.

glad-ness. I lis - ten to your notes of glee, Then pines my heart in
yearn-ing. Ye welcome with your con-stant song Day's dawn and night re-

dwell-ing, Nor heed ye man's im - plor- ing look, His tale of sor- row

cres.

heart in sad - ness, Then pines my
night re turn - ing, Day's dawn and
sor - row tell - ing, His tale of

cres. *f*

sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad-ness, Then pines my heart, pines my
turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re- turn-ing, Day's dawn and night, day and

f

tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing, His tale of

cres. *f*

heart . . in sad - ness,
night . . re - turn - ing,
sor - row tell - ing,

p *dim.*

heart in sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad - ness.
night re - turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re - turn - ing.
sor - row tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing.

heart in sad - ness, ...
night re - turn - ing. . . . .
sor - row tell - ing. . . .

SOLFEGGIO

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

JAMES MONTGOMERY — PORTUGUESE MELODY

1. The Lord is my shep - herd, no want shall I know;
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray,
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread;
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God!

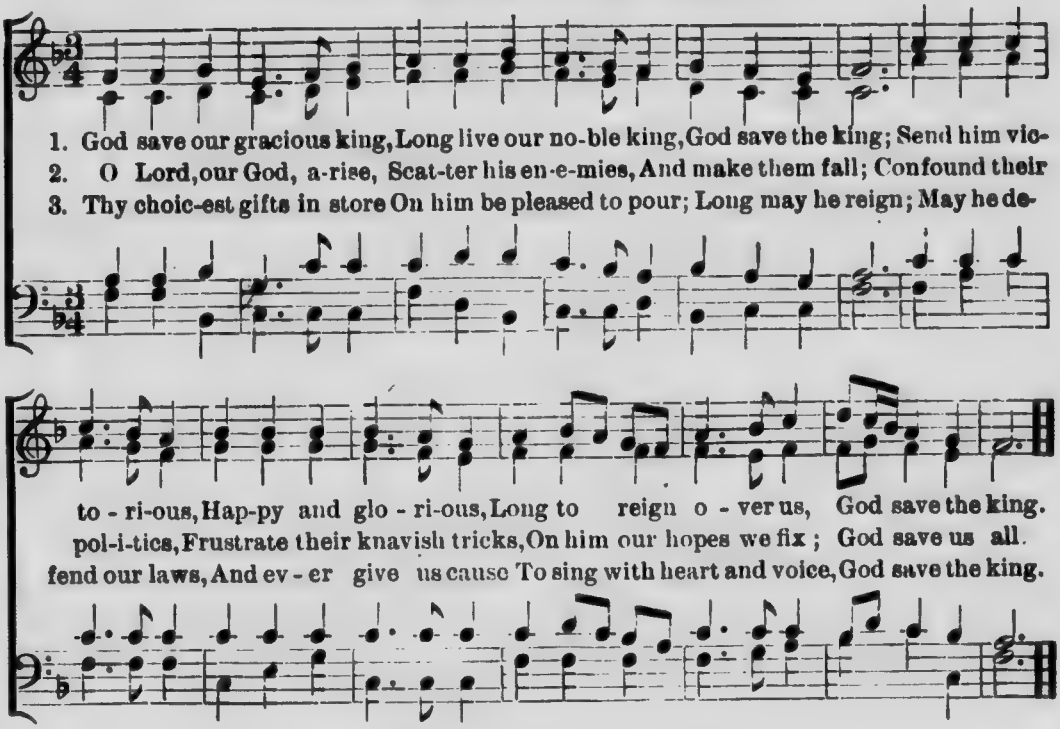
I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
Since Thou art my guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
With bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek — by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re -
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint - est my head; O! what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—

deems when op - pressed. Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com - fort - er near. No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
prov - i - dence more? O! what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
Thy kingdom of love. Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

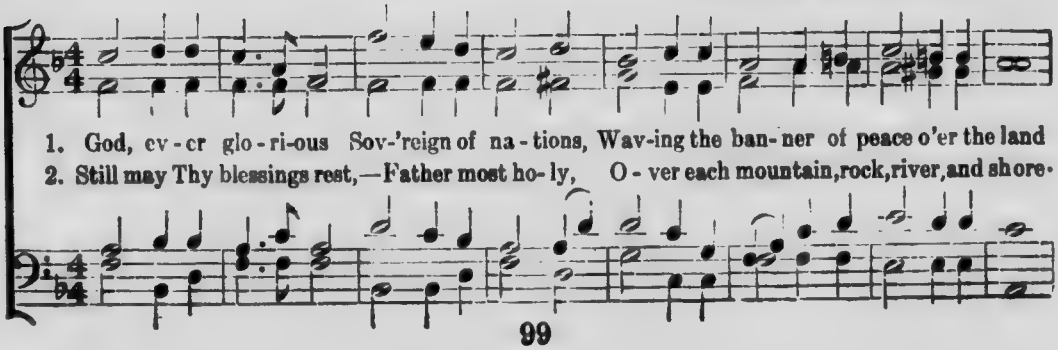
ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

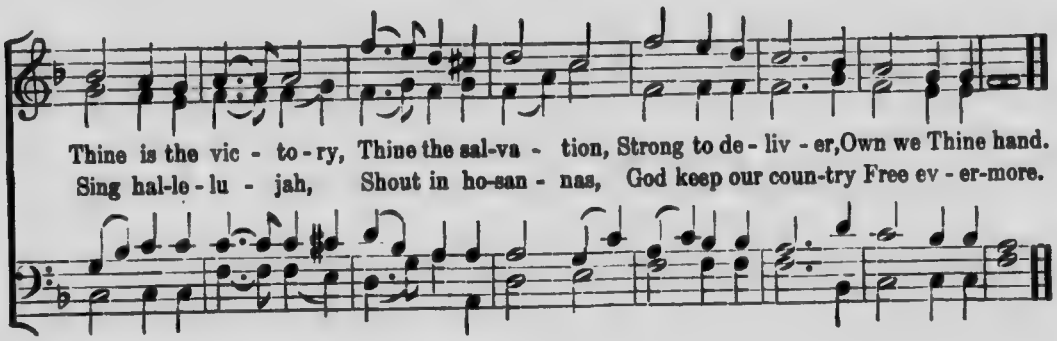
GOD SAVE THE KING



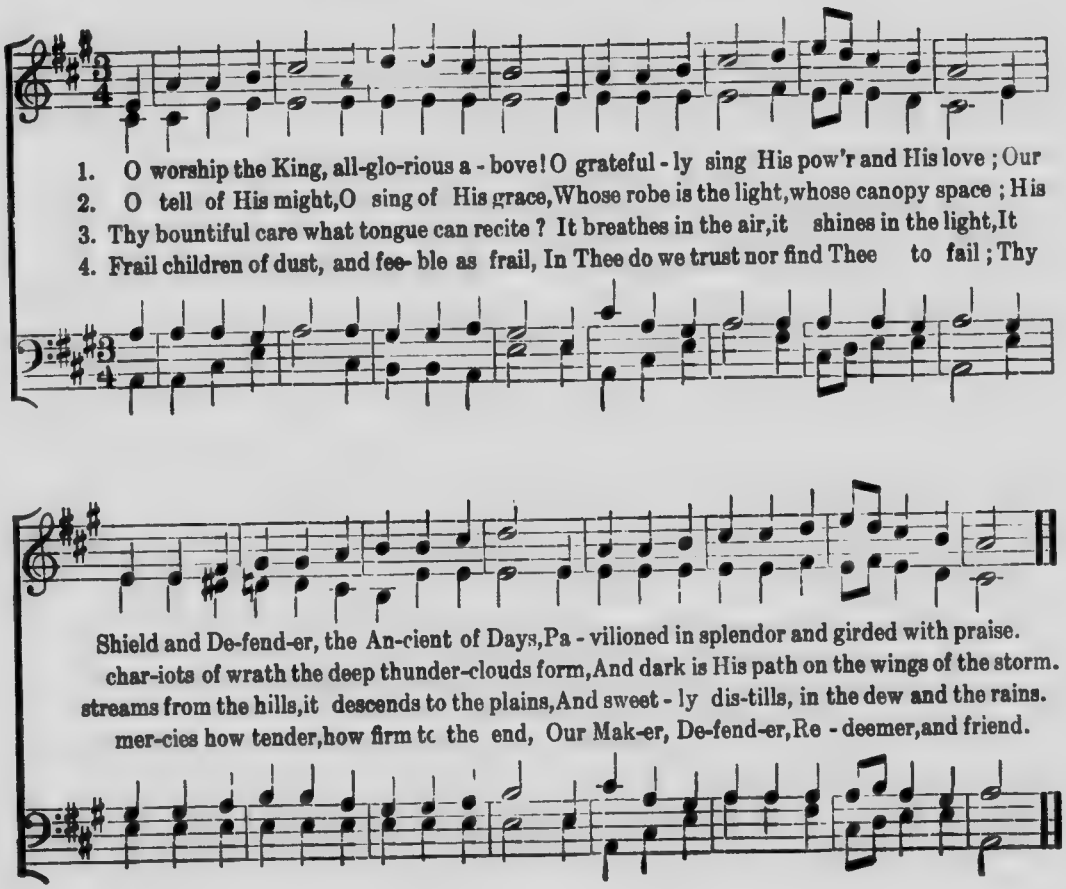
GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn





O WORSHIP THE KING



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

f *cres.* *dim* *f* *sf*

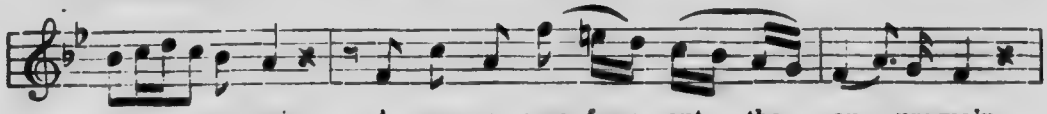
ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

f *cres.* *dim.* *f* *sf*

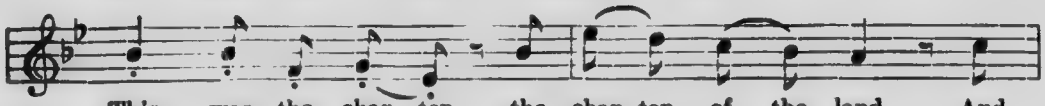
RULE, BRITANNIA

J. Thomson — Dr. Arne

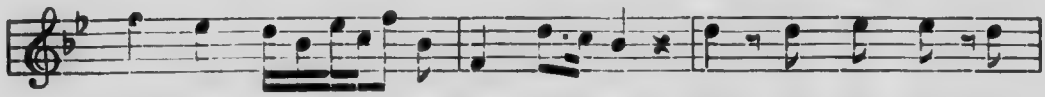
1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A- rose . . . . . from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in . . . . . their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their . . . . . attempts to



az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



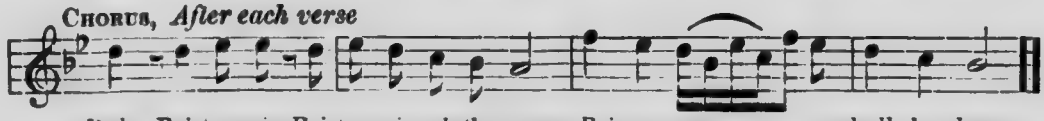
This was the char - ter, the char- ter of the land. And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And



guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -

tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

Chorus, *After each verse*



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
‖: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; :‖
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore encircles thine Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,
‖: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; :‖
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
3. With lux-u -ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in -sa- tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires hoa- ry,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing,
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded,

Behold their tears and hear their cries,
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries;
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air

Shall hateful ty-rants mis- chief-
And shall we base-ly view the
Like beasts of bur- den would they

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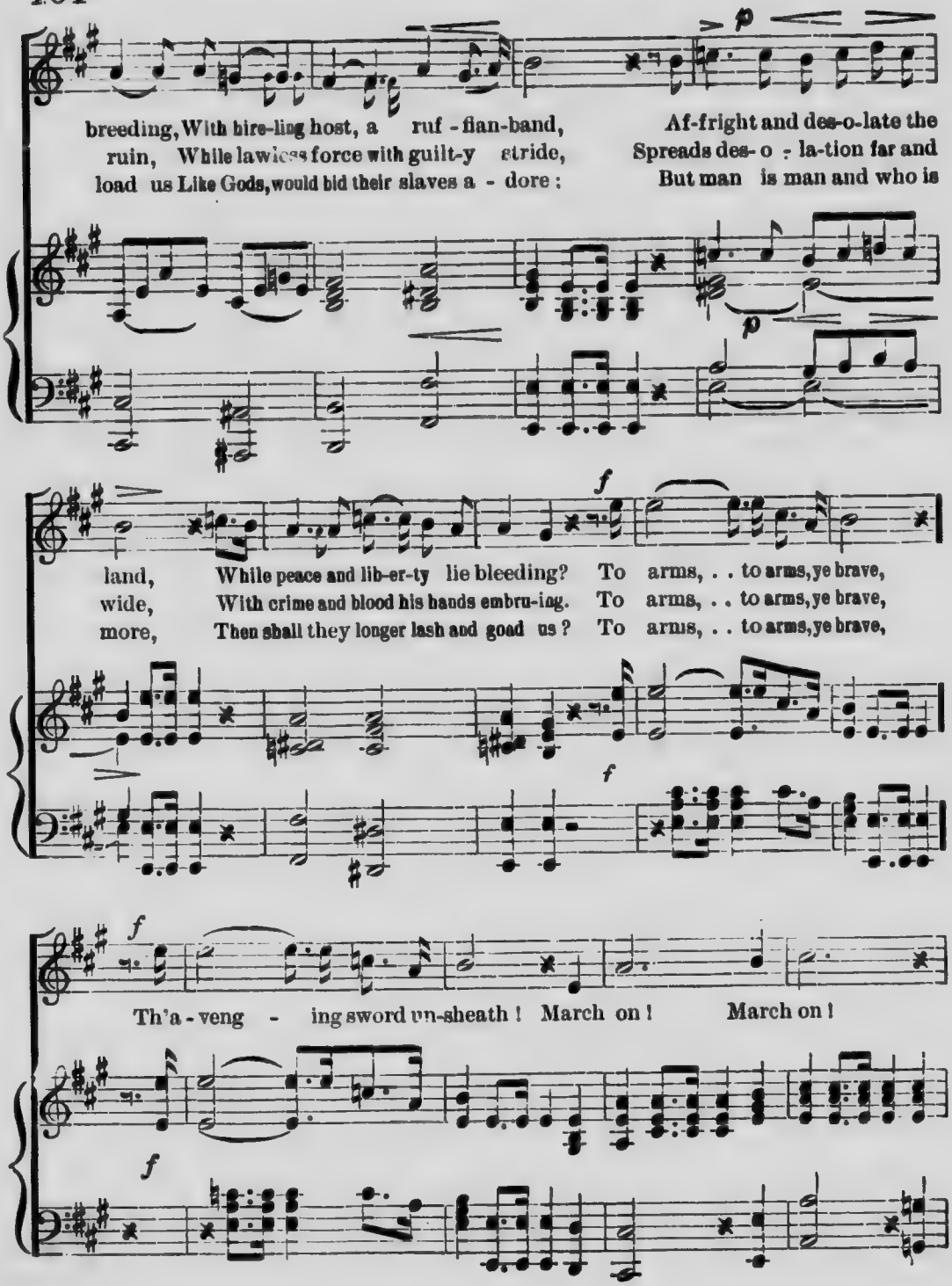
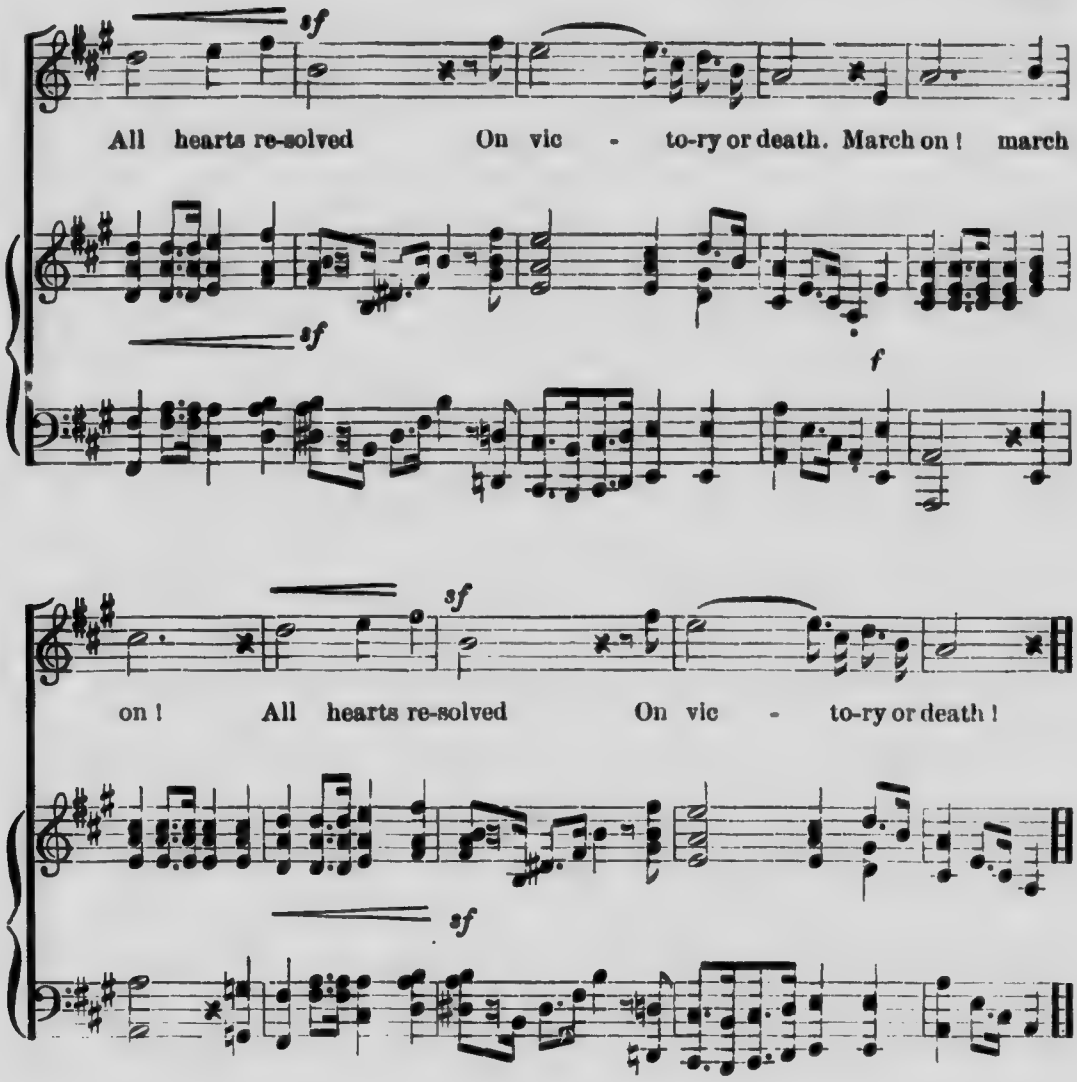

breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des- o - la-tion far and
load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore : But man is man and who is
land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us ? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath ! March on ! March on !



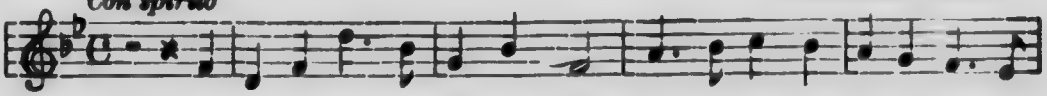
4 O Liberty ! can Man resign thee ?
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee ?
‖: Or whips thy noble spirit tame ? :‖
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friendship glowing
Still be the aim to which we aspire.
May each spirit ever be lighted
‖: With the flame they both can inspire. :‖
All may be won ; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet ;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land affrighted !
To arms, etc.

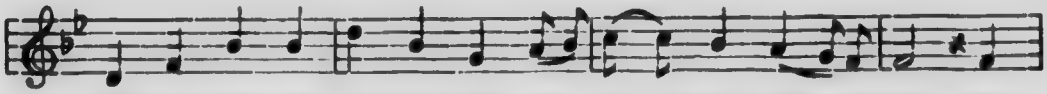
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

ALEXANDER MUIR

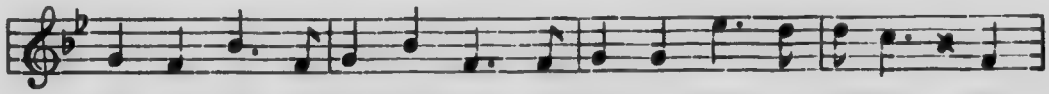
Con spirito



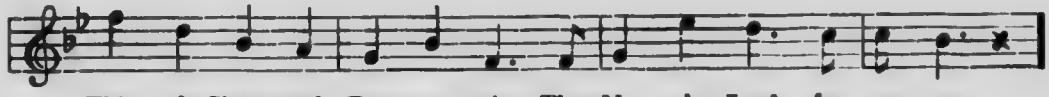
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And



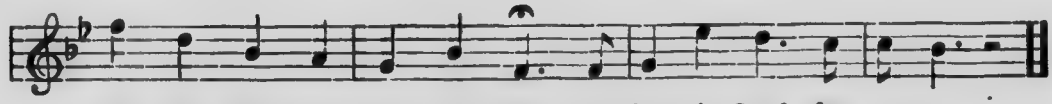
may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our



This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.
watch-word ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

CHORUS

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

4 On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

"BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

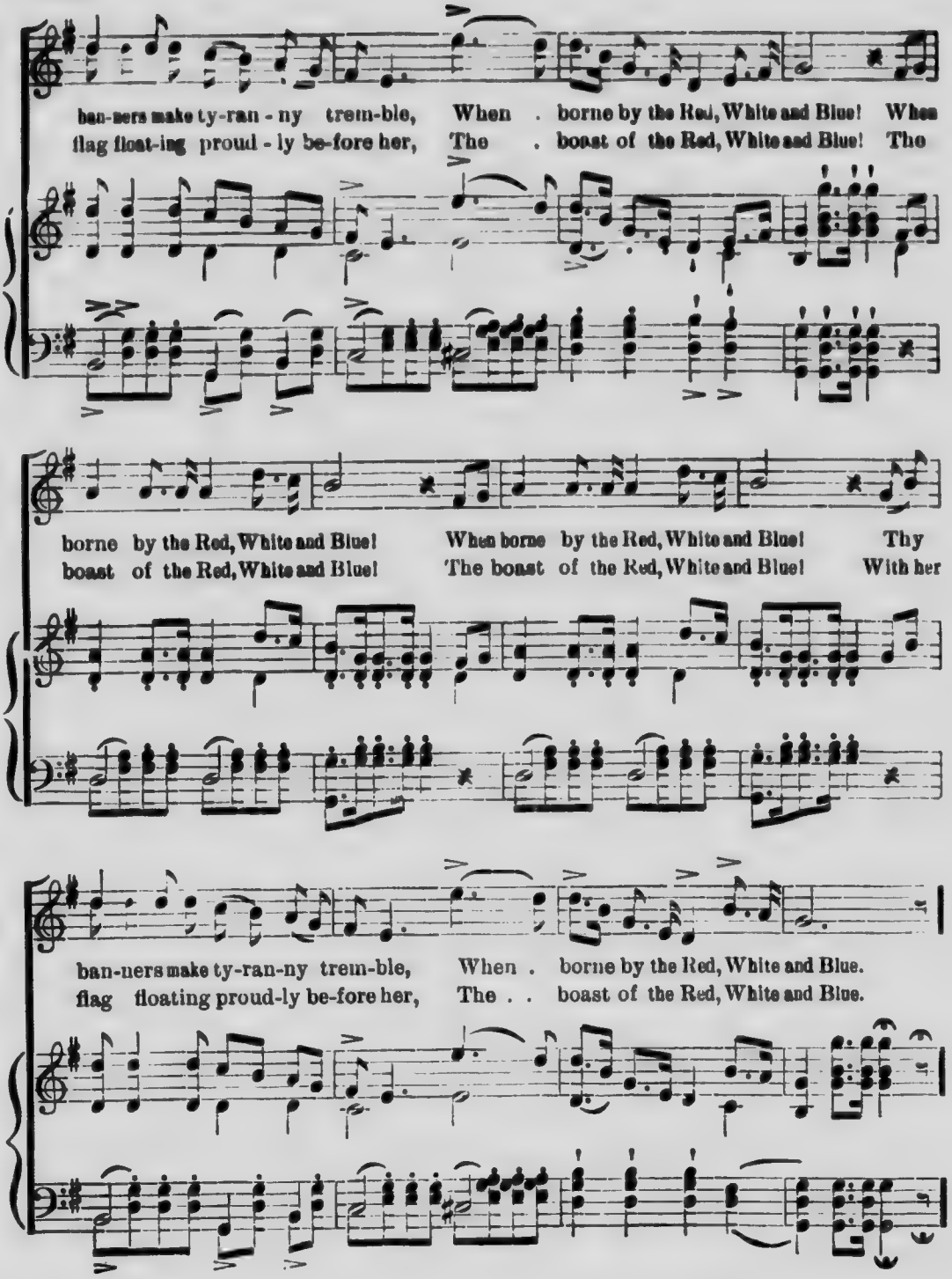
1. Bri - tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
2. When war with its wide des-o - la-tion, Now threatened the land to de - form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

shrine of the sailor's de - vo-tion, There's none can com-pare un - to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri - tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

man-dates make he - roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo - ry in view, Thy
lau - rels of vic - to -ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her


ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The
borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her
ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim;

fz

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

fz *fz*

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

cres. *fz* *fz*

f *fz* *ff*

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

C. Leavallee

The Honorable Judge Routhier

Arr. by Dr. T. B. Richardson

Maestoso e risoluto

poco rit.

f

a tempo

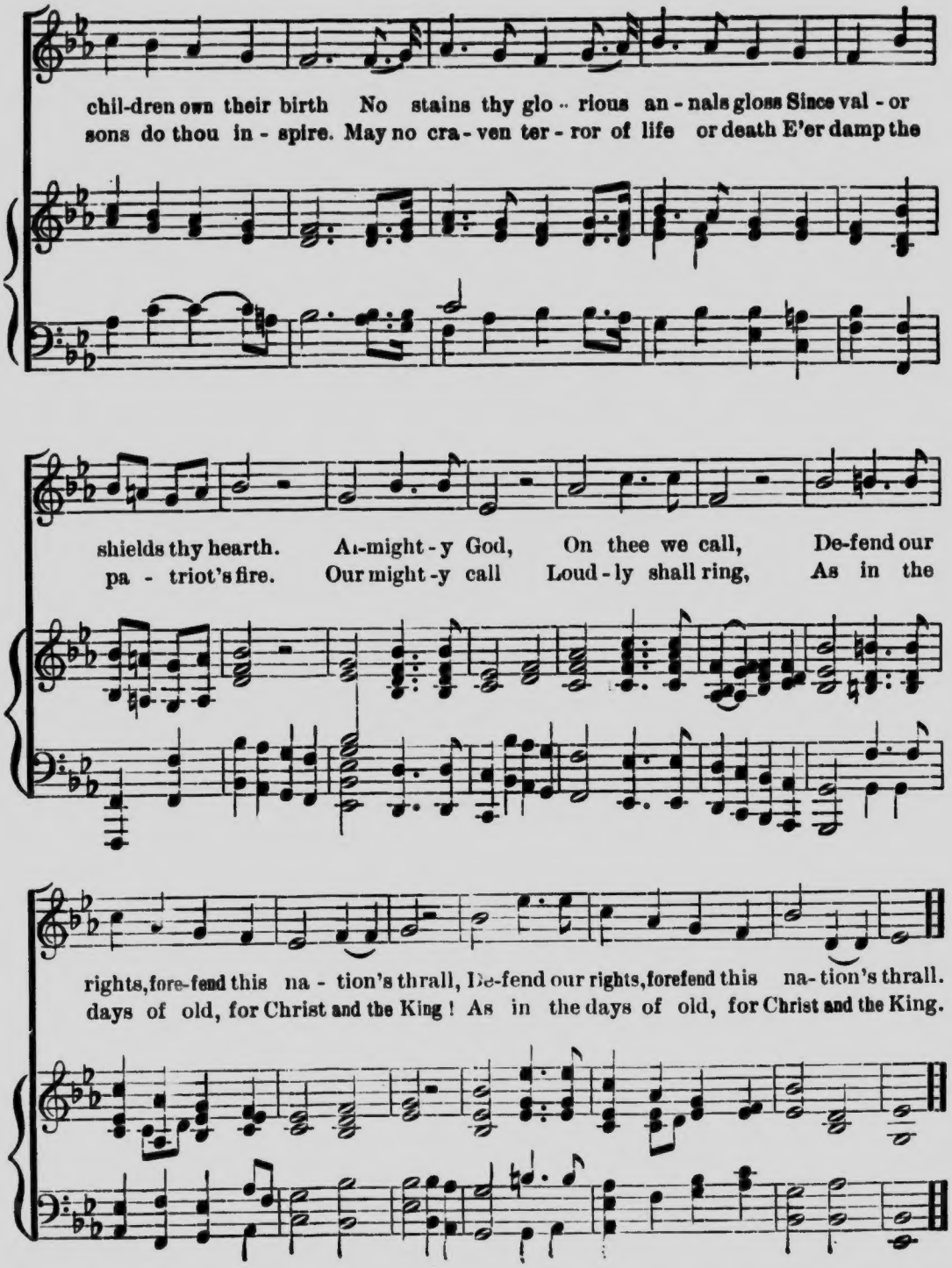
1. O Can - a - da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al - tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall

a tempo

p

leaves of red and gold. Be- neath the shade of the Ho - ly cross, Thy
ev - er broth - ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

p


chil-dren own their birth No stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss Since val - or
sons do thou in - spire. May no cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the
shields thy hearth. Al-might - y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa - triot's fire. Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring, As in the
rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, forefend this na - tion's thrall.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.

p. 63